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the Medical Profession have approved this as the best and safest remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout and Indigestion. Dinneford's Magnesia is also an aperient of unequalled value for infants, children, those of delicate constitution, and for the distressing sickness of pending motherhood.

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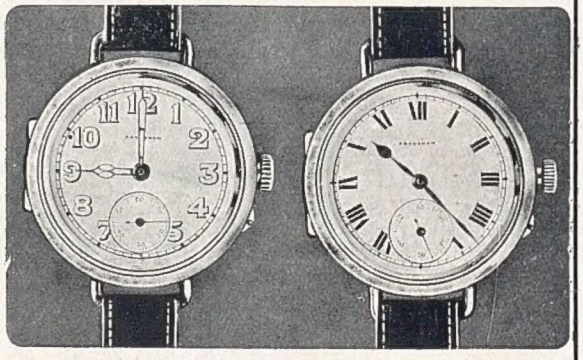

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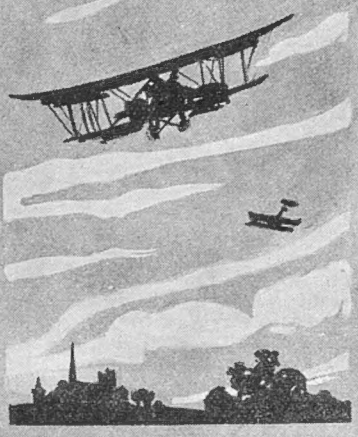

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Gold Pendant, set with Diamonds and Pearls.

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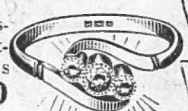

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CAUTION See that the name "Fox" is on the metal discs (right and left) attached to every genuine pair of FOX'S New Non-Fray Spiral Puttees

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QUITE A NEW PATTERN

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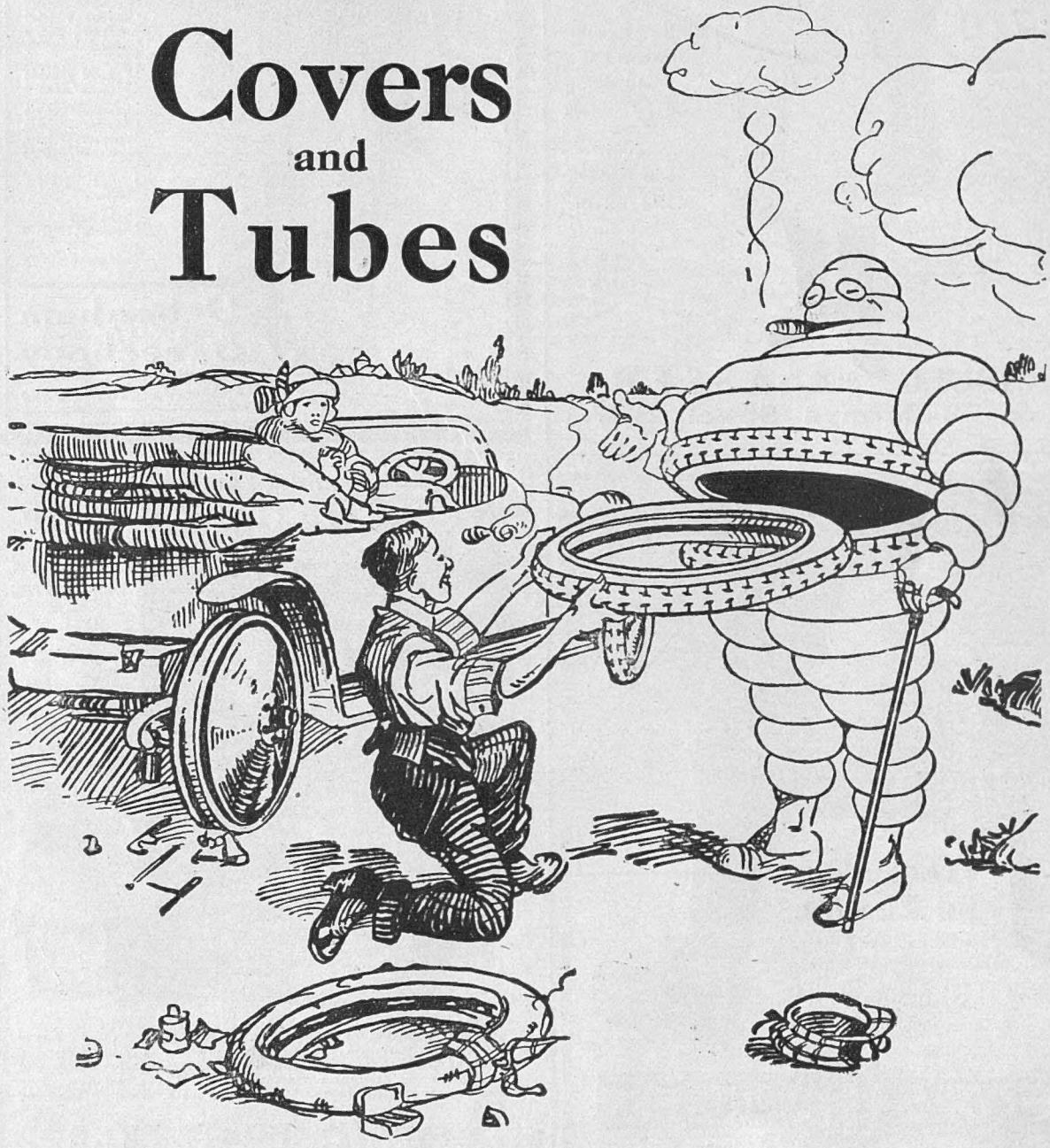

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The lead is made absolutely rigid by a patent grip that obviates the annoying "wobble" experienced when writing with an ordinary pencil-case.

Among other noteworthy features is, that the writing point is obtained and maintained by means of only two or three turns of the lead pointer or sharpener which screws into place when not in use.

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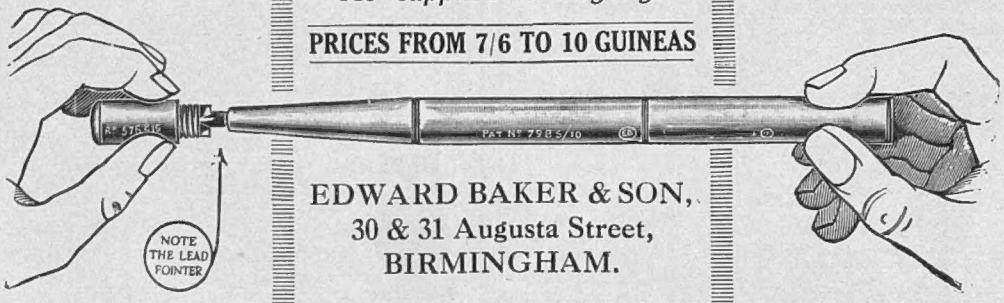

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Tan willow calf Oxford, medium walking sole, full toe. **Price 40/-**

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For Holiday Wear

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Extract from letter dated 1st October, 1918, from Mrs. P. H. Morris, 29, Hectorage Road, Tonbridge.

"I am sure it gives me great pleasure to tell you that I have brought up from infancy my **TEN own babies.** My doctor recommended **Robinson's 'Patent' Barley** with my first baby as my own milk was not satisfying enough. My baby got on so well that I continued the same food with all the babies. I am proud to tell you that **FIVE of them are in H.M. army, making fine tall soldiers."**

Mrs. Morris now sends the above photograph of the five sons referred to in her letter.

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The Ideal Glasses for all Sporting & Touring Purposes.

The MARK I is the standard service glass as supplied to the Government throughout the war. All the models which are fitted with eyepiece focussing are hermetically sealed, and consequently withstand exposure to all kinds of climates and weather conditions.

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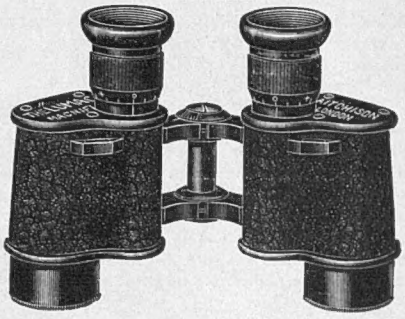

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The Bystander, July 30, 1919. No. 817. Vol. LXIII.

The BYSTANDER

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Nightly, 8.15. Mon., Wed. Sat., 2.15.
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Three Performances Daily.
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JOSE COLLINS and Full Cast.
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(22ND YEAR OF WORLD RUN).
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Signature of holder.....

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Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.

Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand. *Sec.*—FRED W. HOWELL.

PEACE
PLEASE SEND A THANKOFFERING TO
THE CHURCH army

which has done so much for the MEN and WOMEN of H.M. SERVICES and THEIR DEPENDENTS during the WAR, and is now doing a great work for the men still on service abroad, men on leave in London, disabled and other discharged men, sailors' and soldiers' motherless children, &c., &c. A GIFT to the CHURCH ARMY is

AN ACT OF GRATITUDE

to the men who have hazarded all and given much for the peace and safety of the world.

Cheques crossed "Barclay's, a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary CARLILE, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W. 1.

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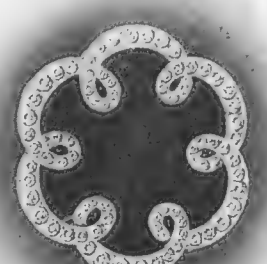


Diamond Fancy Scroll Brooch
£68

52 & 53 Burlington Arcade.
London W.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Wisdom of the Week

IF this is Peace, give us any old War!

Big Phrases—

IT is with infinite regret that it has been found necessary to put the above piece of pessimism on record, but really, what would you? Most of us can remember the rather thin time we had after the conclusion of the South African War, and as, compared with the one that has recently ended, that affair amounted to a ten-minute scrap on patrol, so it is only to be expected that to-day's troubles should be correspondingly great and difficult. But a lot of water has gone under the bridges since the early nineteen-hundreds, and we are all supposed to be so much better endowed with brains, energy and efficiency since those days—mostly as a direct result of the European War—"the broader human outlook," "larger sympathies," "more general recognition of the enhanced values of co-operative effort," and all that sort of thing, don't you know!

—and Hard Facts

IN point of fact all those big phrases that folk flung about rather recklessly about the time of the Armistice and before don't appear to have amounted to much when we come down to concrete facts. And at the present time we are faced with an industrial situation which, if it is not handled with a promptitude and firmness that are at the moment entirely absent from those who should exhibit these qualities will irretrievably jeopardise Great Britain's status as a first-class commercial power. The issue is so extremely simple, so logical, that I feel sure the miners themselves would understand the position were it pointed out to them. Miners' employment depends on the need for coal, and the latter on commercial enterprise. Lame commerce, and miners' employment must decrease in exact ratio to the amount of that lameness. But it is very hard to drive common sense into the heads of those whose ideas of sound economics are bound up in the belief that individual reduction of output increases employment.

Suspicion and Distrust

WE are, too, all suffering from uncertainty, and in the lower classes—excepting, of course, those people still, let us hope, in the minority, who are avowedly out for trouble *en route* for Soviet rule—this uncertainty takes the form of suspicion and distrust. It is due in the main to an incomplete statement of Government policy on questions of nationalisation of mines and railways, Ireland, Russia, and a host of other subjects. Life at the moment is rather like trying to drive an aeroplane with a smashed joy-stick—it can be done, but it is very, very difficult and one experiences all the time the unpleasant sensation of an inevitable "bump" in the immediate future! Some of us are inclined to wish that the "bump" would come at once and have done with it for better or worse, and to feel that a real "dust-up," might, perhaps, clear the air and allow us to breathe freely—or cease to do so! These are counsels of despair, but they are very tempting, sometimes, to those of us who have come safely through four years and more of danger to—the England of to-day!

Why Not More Publicity?

PUBLICITY on economic questions could so easily be arranged were the Government still as alive to the internal uses of propaganda as it was driven to be during the war. The machinery for such propaganda is still in existence—at least in skeleton form. There is yet, for instance, a publicity section of the Ministry of Labour Appointments Department, and a Ministry of Information of smaller dimensions than that used in war-time could easily be resuscitated; the cost of such a revival would be as nothing compared to the money that is now being lost to the country's industry—simply because the labouring class as a whole does not understand the relationship of

TOO TRUE!

JOHN BULL: "H'm! pity I can't deport them, too!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

economic factors to their own daily means of existence. Incidentally, in spite of considerable adverse criticism of their action, one feels that the Government did take the right line in painting the picture as black as possible last week by threatening the immediate reduction of travelling facilities and coal supply in town. For if the loss in coal production is not so bad as it might have been this time—only an odd million tons or so!—owing to the strike, it will certainly be worse on the next occasion, and "to put a little wind up" the public now is all to the good as a means of forewarning.

Telephones To-morrow

"DID it take you long to get through?" asked Sir John Oxton.

"No!" I sarcastically bellowed into the receiver (that is, if one can bellow sarcasm), "no, only five hours."

"Well, well, it'll be all right soon. I'm seeing to it that the Government gets new switches and plugs."

"And new girls?" (go away, Exchange).

"I said plugs, not girls. Telephone girls are born, not made. But, seriously——" And Sir John actually defended the telephones. "You see," remarked the plutocrat, "you're all of you so unfair to poor Mr. Illingworth. We take 12,000 of his engineers and keep them in France to connect colonels who want whisky with cafés that only stock raspberry syrup; we take 600 of his girls and set them in Whitehall to powder their noses; we put in twelve calls for nine we used to—(Cut off. Wait: eighty-five minutes)—we give him neither wires, nor switches, nor cells, nor—(this item lost in Exchange jazz-band)—and then we complain!"

"That's all right," I roared. "But when will it be over?"

"Cheer up, Clarence," replied the millionaire. "Most of the new functions will be provided by December; and by January you will be able to get a receiver without going to one of stolen goods. Of course, I have my private line, my private exchange. I'm rich. You'll be all right—by and by."

Families Pay

"WELL, Bill," I remarked, "so you're going to get a bit out of young Tom after all, now that Mr. Chamberlain has raised your income-tax abatement to £40."

"Oh, what's yer little game nosin' round my income tax? I ain't got no (scarlet) income. See?"

"Now, Bill, don't you try and come it over me. I know all about your two and twopence an hour and time and a quarter after forty-eight hours. If you put in fifty-four hours, you work out a bit over six pounds a week, and say fifty times six pounds——"

"'Old yer (gory) row," whispered Bill. "'Sposing the income-tax was 'angin' about? What's yer game? I 'spose yer at the earhole again; if that's so then 'ave a pint and shut yer mug,"

"Don't be afraid," I said soothingly, "I shan't give you away. Besides, you're all right now. You're to have £50 off for Mrs. Gawber, and £40 for young Tom, and only to pay on £80 a year. There! say 'thank you' nicely to the Chancellor."

"No! thank him for nothing. Now listen here, Clarence, you go and tell yer Chamberlain that he won't tax me. If I gets his bit of blue paper I goes on the donation."

I guess the Treasury hasn't thought of this.

"SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY WAS NOT 'HOO-RAYED' LIKE ONE OF THESE"

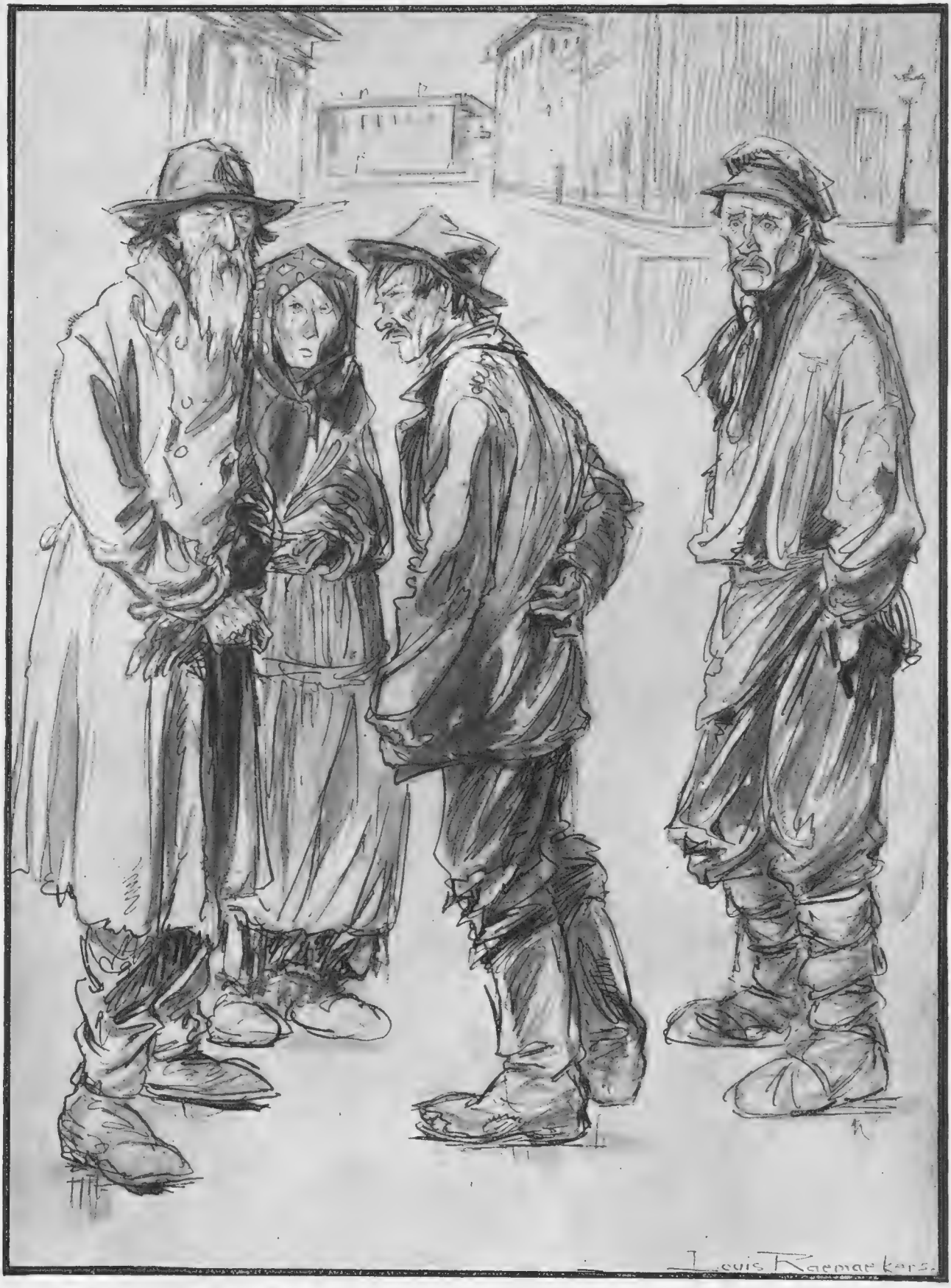
Diddlebury Hedges

SOMETHING is happening to Diddlebury (M.P. when the clouds roll by.) Last week he refused to shake the Pussyfoot. To-day he is talking vaguely of Centre Parties. "This isolation," he murmured, "it tells on a man with a soul."

"Oh, bother your soul," I remarked brutally. "What I want to know is whether

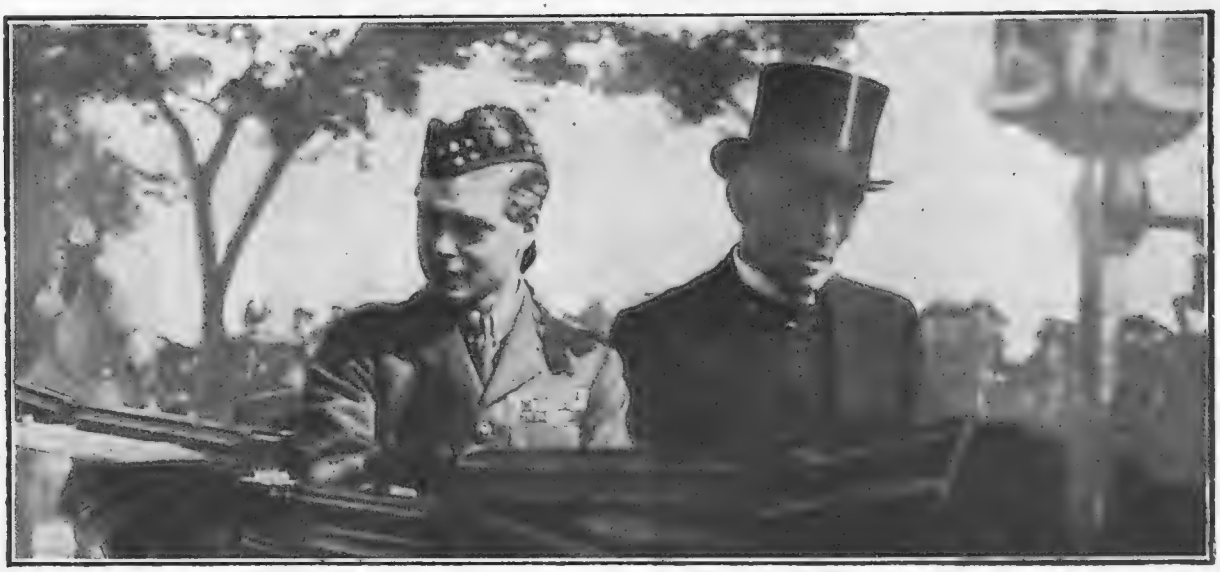
(Continued on page 302).

"High Thinking—and Low Living"



THE BOLSHEVIK PETROGRAD: "The more our Government gets ideal, the less we get to eat"

BY LOUIS RAEMAEKERS



THE PRINCE IN EDINBURGH: DRIVING WITH THE LORD PROVOST

The Prince of Wales, indefatigable as ever, went to Edinburgh last week and received the freedom of the city. He is here seen with Sir J. Lorne McLeod, the Lord Provost

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

you're going to throw over old man Asquith and take up with Mr. Churchill."

"Sir," said Diddlebury, stiffening, "I shall never forget the recreancy of Mr. Churchill. This young man bit the hand that fed him. . . ."

"Literally?"

". . . and will feed him no more. Still, if a cause is lost, least said soonest elected, and I do not say that if Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George were to confess their sins and group in a Centre Party the sound elements in the country, I do not say I would refuse them my support."

"Diddlebury," I said after a moment, "does it occur to you that they may not want you? you, whom the electors left stranded like a starfish? No, Did, you'll never get into the Centre, unless it's the centre of a scrum with heavy boots."

WE ARE SO SORRY

To inflict upon our readers a picture of this description at the present juncture, but thought that perhaps they would like to know just what Mr. Robert Smillie looks like. We hope later on that this gentleman's song will be in a more "minor" key

Chestnut Redivivus

ONE of the most amusing points of growing old—and believe me, O! Jazzsome and Skipsome Youth, increasing age, whatever it may add to the chin and the figure, brings much amusement to what even elderly folk are pleased to call the mind—is the persistence of ancient stories. Back they come every ten or twenty years or so decked out in new feathers, and if you have the privilege of being sufficiently aged, you spot them at once. I have just spotted one which is at least a hundred and fifty years old. Not that I am so antique as all that, but I can remember its second-stage recrudescence. The "latest" is that a young woman of light and leading returned to the paternal domicile on a recent afternoon minus her stockings. To the shocked enquiries of her family she answered calmly that having lost all her money at bridge she had staked the silken coverings of what an American newspaper would describe as her "pedal extremities and portion of limb adjacent." Obviously the thing could never have happened. Even if the damsel did stake her silk stockings, what male partner could be so ungallant, what female partner so distrustful, as to exact payment on the spot? There is still a parcel post.

The Beginnings Thereof

NOW this same story, with a difference, was told of the late Duchess of Devonshire when she was Duchess of Manchester. It was widely reported in the London of her day that one night, having lost all her money, and the jewels she was wearing, she staked the carriage and pair waiting at the door to take her home—and lost. Apparently the coachman and the footman were not included in the stake. Yet, as a matter of historical fact, the stake was never made, although it was reported all over the town that the ducal brougham and pair were driven to the winner's stable the next morning. The genesis of this story of carriage and stockings began with another Duchess—the beautiful Georgiana of Devonshire, made famous by Gainsborough's brush and notorious by her gambling and her debts—in the eighteenth century. Having lost all her money one night in a fit of naughty temper she threw a valuable diamond ring upon the table, staking it against the bank. She lost. In an age of reckless gambling this would have excited no particular

(*Continued on page 304*)

The Brussels Peace Fête

INCLUDES A VISIT FROM PRESIDENT POINCARÉ AND MARSHAL FOCH

IN THE ROYAL BOX AT THE PEACE CELEBRATIONS

(From left to right): Prince Charles and Prince Leopold of Belgium, Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, President Poincaré, Marshal Foch, King Albert of Belgium, Mme. Poincaré, Princess Marie José of Belgium, and M. Max, Mayor of Brussels

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

comment. But the ring was a gift from her husband, and it was the Duchess's efforts to get it back from the winner—who refused to part with it lest the Duke should discover what she had done—that started the ball of gossip. This hoary old story has kept up its head bravely, and with variations has been tacked on to other people besides Louise, double Duchess of Manchester and Devonshire, but it has never fallen so low as stockings until now. A sign of the times, I suppose.

Political Personalities in Caricature

(1) The PRIME MINISTER announced that naval men were working the mine pumps. (2) SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES makes a discovery.

"Jeames de la Plush"

With the return of normal conditions those folk who used to keep men-servants and who still have got some money left began to bethink themselves of liveries. The ultra-"multis" even indulged in doubtful wondering as to whether a man who had worn a tin helmet in the trenches would be induced to wear powder in the hall. In the beginning of the "demobbing" there was quite a fair supply, but the increasing popularity of volunteering for the army tended to dry up that supply, at least, so I am told. On the other hand, the wages demanded by butlers and footmen are firmly fixing parlourmaids in houses where, before the war, no female ever handed a dish at table or touched a decanter. Recently a dame of high degree engaged a butler for her house in the country. The wages asked were staggering, but the lady was passing rich and belonged to the old-fashioned order that regards a house as incomplete without men-servants. On the third morning after his arrival the new butler—he had been a sergeant in an Area Employment Company (O, my Sons of Mars, don't we know those "enjoyment" folk?)—sought an interview with the lady, and enquired with pained asperity what arrangements had been made for a barber to come to shave him!!!! The place is vacant.

The Wonderful Season and After

Last week saw what was practically the end of the gayest, happiest season London has known for years—any pre-war year you like to fix upon included. It had its apotheosis on Peace Night. The racing folk will, of course, stay on for Goodwood, but the absence of the King and Queen will relieve the many good people who like to be "in" everything of what they consider the necessity for attending. Cowes, too, will only attract the serious and ardent yachtsmen and their women kind. You can give a dance at a fortnight's notice even after the conclusion of a five years' war and with food and wine at fancy prices, but there's one thing you can't do, even if you bubble over with Bradburys, and that is put a steam yacht in commission just by ordering it to be done, after it has been used, say, as a patrol boat all through the war. The water rising steadily in the Yorkshire mines likewise "tears" any yachting projects. As I said at the beginning of the season, it was a young people's season and, chiefly for the girls, a compensation and reward for the years of labour they have given in hospitals and war-work. And the daily list of engagements in the *Times* and *Morning Post* shows that the young he's and the young she's—not to mention a few elderly ones of both sorts—have made the best of their opportunity. Propinquity is the handmaiden of marriage, and many romances begun in hospitals and canteens have come to the approved end under the smilax and carnations of Mayfair. But play is over now, and the majority of those who haven't yet sold their country houses and properties have plenty of work before them, that is, where they have a sense of their responsibilities.

The Underminers; or, More than Flesh and Blood Can Stand!

How long are the helpless Middle Class, on whom the weight of the burden falls, really expected to stand by and see ***this kind of person*** permitted to drag the nation to ruin, yet flattered, pampered and consulted by politicians, who wickedly put the "Unions" outside the law?

BY E. T. REED

POLITICS: OF IRELAND

By "FITZWILLIAM"

THE Irish are fond of suggesting that we do not understand them, and it may be that there we fail, but I wonder if ever it occurs to Irishmen, whether from Belfast or Limerick, that they do not understand the English? They certainly fail to see that modern England is not the England of the Coercion Acts, and that for fifty years, through Unionists such as George Wyndham, just as much as through Liberals such as Mr. Gladstone, England has honestly tried to reduce Irish rents, to spread education, to give the Irishman access to his own land. And now we have even come to a time where all Englishmen (except the most old-fashioned reactionaries) will agree to some form of Home Rule—if only the Irish between themselves settle the form they want. No conceivable British Government would refuse a Bill drafted jointly by Mr. Dillon and Sir Edward Carson.

"IN THE CENTRE" AS ALWAYS!
Mr. Churchill has announced the Formation of a New Party.

BUT, apparently, we cannot obtain such a Bill, so that many of us, wearied by this eternal agitation, are inclined to say: "Oh, do cut the painter and be done. Compromise or fight it out, but leave us out of the affair." That is a counsel of despair, though it is open to question whether indeed, if Ireland were to be thrown on its own resources and merely maintained under a common king, the good sense of the Irish would not bring about a compromise. It is nonsense to look upon the Irish as frivolous; in America they often amass large fortunes; we have in England too many Irish lawyers, doctors, officers, to doubt that their countrymen can set up an orderly government. Only they must approach the problem with less heat, or their island will continue in its present unrest, ruin its sturdy dairies and break the back of its young industries.

SO far, all revolutions have been rejected. The Home Rule Act is suspended, because Ulster feels so bitterly against an Irish Parliament that force of arms is openly threatened by Sir Edward Carson and his party, if we try to put the Act into operation. On the other hand, the Clean Cut of Northern Ulster, which was practically accepted by Mr. Redmond, would, to-day, be rejected by any Nationalist congress. That is natural enough, for it would mean that the Irish Parliament controlled only the poorer parts of the country, while industrial Ulster was ruled from Whitehall. It is a purely business question; if Ulster is excluded from Home Rule, the Irish Government could not pay its way out of taxes. In addition, there is a big sentimental question: Ulstermen are Irishmen first, and few would care to see their country split.

THE reader will recall that since 1914 desperate efforts have been made to achieve a compromise; all efforts have failed, always on the money question, on the control of excise, on the sharing of Imperial grants. This may seem sordid, but it is vital: Ireland cannot be happy unless its government has money with which to carry on. And it is no use for Sinn Fein to say: "We will take nothing except independence," just as it is useless for the Carsonists to reply: "We will allow nothing at all to be done." Something must be done, and if that something pleases neither side, then both sides will have to learn to like it. Dominion Home Rule is probably the proper system.

DOMINION Home Rule consists in giving certain powers to the central parliament, and leaving considerable powers to the local parliaments. The system is at work in the United States, in Canada, in Switzerland, etc., and works exceedingly well. In Switzerland, notably, three languages and two religions live in amity. In Canada French Quebec makes local laws which are not those of British Manitoba. In America, each state controls its militia, its marriage and drink laws. Only *agreed matters* can become general.

THERE, probably, lies the solution. It would seem obvious to give the Irish Parliament control of general matters, such as income-tax, customs, army and railways, while local parliaments dealt with special conditions. Under this arrangement, the Ulster Parliament would control its own education, appoint its own teachers, establish, if it thought fit, its own religious tests. Ulster would be free within a free Ireland, and I venture to prophesy that after a few years, when the new members had learned to sit together, Ulster would discover that the West is not wild, while Limerick came to understand that the Protestant is not so black after all.

A Recrudescence of Boche Tactics

WHICH WILL HAVE TO BE STERNLY DEALT WITH AS BEFORE

THE AGITATOR: "There y'are! The 'Uns couldn't 'ave done better!"

The French Element

IN LONDON DURING LAST WEEK'S PEACE CELEBRATIONS

Marshal Foch and his men aroused the highest enthusiasm on the great day of London's pageant. Miss McKie has drawn above her impressions of some of those troops from across the Channel, who added so bright a touch of colour to the environs of some of our metropolitan barracks before their return to France on the conclusion of the Celebration

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE." Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *July* 28, 1919

DEAR COUSIN—

THE great Peace season jazzes to a rag-time end at Goodwood this week. Then come the holidays, and then—well, then real life again, I suppose. For, some old time or other, guess we've really *got* to settle down to common or garden, plain, peace-time living.

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GOING to be, you know, according to all the prophets, almost a harder job to win the Peace than it was to win the war. Which is saying *some*, isn't it? And we're *all* in *this* war. Can't leave it to the soldiers and sailors *this* time.

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GREAT is the triumph and the glory, but greater still is the burden of the glory. "Work," say the wise men—"work and sacrifice must be our watch-words. . . . Co-operation, Production, and Thrift are the great needs of the time. . . ."

"To Blanche, with the Compliments of the Composer"

卐 卐

AND all of it in cold blood instead of in hot; all the time, instead of "for the duration"; dull spade work instead of exciting thrilling rushes. It'll be like being married "properly," to a husband who disappears all day and comes home tired at night, instead of those hectic honeymoons that have given more than a few romantic young war-brides, I'm afraid, a *very* false idea of the holy estate of matrimony.

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BUT about the "great needs of our time," I like especially the "thrift" part, don't you? Thrift, you'll remember, was also the great need of our war-time—with the pleasant result that while the thrifty are bled to the bone, the profiteer flourisheth beyond belief (and, apparently, beyond all human control) here in our amazingly ill-governed England now.

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IN the wild pathetic hope that every little *might* perhaps help to win the war, the thrifty and the patriotic cut down, sometimes to very near the knuckle, food, drink, fire, light, holidays, amusements—all the *extras* that make all the difference between enjoying and enduring life. And, of course, if their self-denial hadn't been taken venial advantage of, their every little *would* have helped, very considerably.

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AS things were and are, however—well, we merely profited the profiteer, that's all. And now the question is—are we going on with it? The home outlook, say the agricultural experts, is the worst for a quarter of a century. Prices next winter will be higher, and food and coal shorter, says the Food Controller. Finally, the removal of the blockade gives yet another chance to the profiteer, who now can play off the markets of Central Europe against the home ones, and let the highest payer collar the goods.

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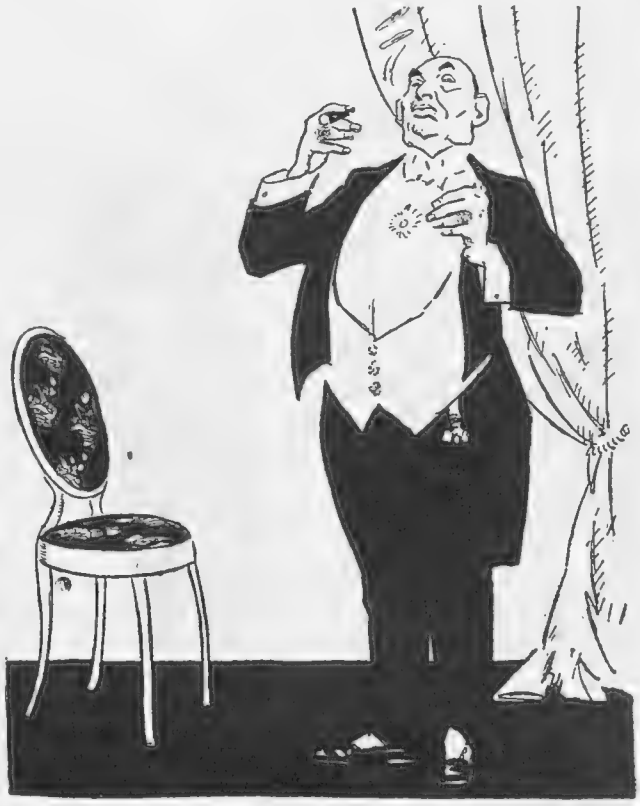
CAN we bear it? Can't we emigrate? *Oh!* for a South Sea Island, or *anywhere* where the fleecers cease from fleecing and the fleeced ones are at rest. And isn't it a pleasing prospect that we're to go short again next winter, though we have won the blinking war and haven't a great army to feed—so's to feed the unspeakable Hun? Doesn't seem to matter what happens or what we do about it, here in little England, does it? Always, *nous voilà encore dans le potage!*



"We merely profited the profiteer"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

REMINDS me of three letters from Russia, where the British fighting man deals, till September, with matters Bolshevik. "Were it not," write some sweet young things aboard H.M.S. *M——h*, "for your weekly letter, dearest Blanche, we miserable creatures exiled in the misty solitudes of the Black Sea—which the ancient Greeks satirically described as the Euxine—would speedily succumb to the lingering tortures of a too close proximity to Brother Bolshie.

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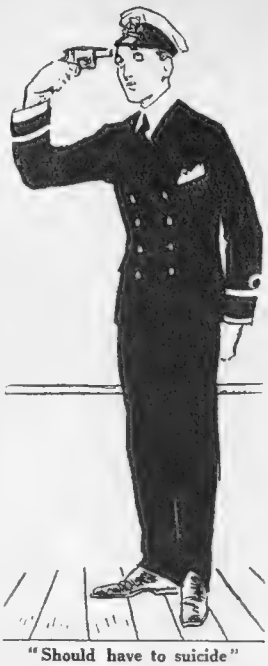
"WITH whom, of course, though we daily put out of their misery a few score unfortunates, whose pockets are promptly picked by their patriotic pals (observe, dear Blanche, the artful alliteration), we aren't, you know, really at war—oh, dear me, no, nothing so simple! We implore you, then, to continue doling out comfort to We in the Wilderness."



"Should have to suicide"

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MORE Russian friends both north and south complain of the industrious mosquito. "We need far more sympathy because of the mosquitoes than the Bolo," writes one of Grogan's Brigade, an Oxford and Bucks Light Infantryman, at Archangel. "The Bolo is very ineffectual, and even allows us to bathe in the Volga under his very nose. But the mosquitoes don't, and if you can imagine a swarm of 'em as big as a crowd at a cup final—even then you'll under estimate them."

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WE finish with a gentle hint that though perfectly good we aren't all perfect, even Helen. "We won't," says my magnanimous correspondent, "ask Helen to draw our regimental peculiarities. She made a gallant effort not long ago, but we *don't* wear a bugle on the collar nor stars on the sleeve. Otherwise good, especially the crossed belt." Which rather looks as if it might develop into a small controversy, so. . . .

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LET'S skip on to my North Russian news, in which a gallant officer of the Die-Hards tells me they're rapidly being devoured whole by the pestilent mosquitoes. "In India, we believe, they only bite at night. Here, they bite all day, and as there is no night they always bite.

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"FOR slight distraction we had the other day a small *prasnik* at which the outstanding feature was a game of Russian kiss-in-the-ring. The first prize was a tin of Bully, the second a tin of Maconochie, and all the belles of the village attended, all wearing all their clothes, with their best ones on top. But in spite of these attractions none of us are contemplating naturalisation. Yours ever, The Polar Stars."

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SEES life, doesn't it, youth, these days? Have just been honoured with a copy, inscribed *To Blanche, with the compliments of the Composer*, of "Jacqueline," which is a new and very swish "naval valse," composed by a certain sub-lieutenant, R.N., who, I'm told, though only just twenty, "has been all through Jutland and Dogger Bank, was torpedoed in September, '14, in the Hogue-Cressy-Aboukir disaster, and always takes in THE BYSTANDER." Such a useful talent in such a useful member of society should certainly be encouraged, don't you think so?

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WHICH reminds me of an N.O.'s letter sent me by one who only *very* lately belonged to the *species* snotty, nut now—well here it is.

We left the noble Baltic some time ago (thank Heaven!) and are now in dock at I . . . g . . . n, N.B., and incidentally, Blanche, it's now *The Commanding Officer*, being the only officer on board, who writes to you. I hope you're suitably impressed.

The dear child's about eighteen or less, I believe, and really, as he says, "it's perfectly——" (you know the word I mean).

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WHO said it was a Silent Service? Not me! *Quand même*, what a world of difference there is between the sea-fighter and the land one. In that Peace procession the grimmest, most unresponsive officer of the lot was Beatty—the sternest, least unbending men those who followed him. Khaki, it seemed, and horizon blue and grey cannot resist cheers, smiles, plaudits, enthusiasm. The boys in blue either take it as their due or are disciplined into inarticulateness. Or is it that war's worn it deeper still—the age-long unspoken, but undying contempt of the sea-dog for the land-lubber?

"But afterwards it rained and rained"

卐 卐

BY the way, *just* like our *lovely* climate, wasn't it, to be so very persistently bad on the very day that, with equal persistence, the people celebrated Peace? Strangely it held off while the fighting men marched. But afterwards it rained and rained for a night and a day on end, washing out the Peace Decorations, bedraggling all the symbols of gladness. One could hardly help feeling it was heaven weeping for all we have lost and for all the sore and broken hearts that no Peace can mend. May there be no more war, for the world, indeed, is very weary!

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE

The Revival of the Great Sussex Race Meeting

A TYPICAL FINISH FOR THE STEWARDS' CUP

GOODWOOD STILL GLORIOUS

A notable event socially as well as from the sporting point of view is the revival of Glorious Goodwood this week. On the eve of the war the last meeting was held, and it was a week of gloom, anxiety, and depression. This time, however, the races will be run with all their old splendour and scenic surroundings of unrivalled beauty. For miles around gay country house parties are being entertained for the meeting, which only needs fine weather to be as brilliantly successful as of yore.

Rouch, Sport and General

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND
Owner of Goodwood Park and the Racecourse

Photographs

THE PADDOCK, WITH TRUNDLE HILL BEYOND FORMING A NATURAL GRAND STAND FOR THE PUBLIC

A Ballroom Adventure

By CAPTAIN A. B. HARROWER

THE Armistice-Victory-Peace-cum-Plenty Celebration Ball was at its height. I arrived late, I regret to say, late, that is, for a confirmed "jazzer" of the worst type, which I confess I am. I greeted some friends near the entrance who had a ground-floor box, and stood watching what the *Daily Wail* man (I could see him upstairs sitting in evening dress and domino, and watched his hand as he wrote the very words!) was at that moment describing as "the gay scene," "the galaxy of beauty," and the "daring but gorgeous costumes of many lovely women."

The dance came to an end, the band claimed a breather, and this point was selected by those who pull the wires or strings, or whatever the things are that control the bags in the ceiling, to—well, to pull the said wires or strings. And, as is now becoming so well-established a custom on these festive occasions, the bags were no sooner pulled open than from their insides there fell slowly and gracefully a hundred or two rubber bladders of all sizes and colours. This was the signal for the "scrum" that is in these days such a popular feature of every "Peace" dance. The sight of a slowly falling pink-and-white rubber bladder is enough to tempt a Saint Anthony, and is always calculated to inspire in the hearts of both the matron and the maid, of paterfamilias and young man-about-town, a yearning desire to possess one—or preferably more—of these delectable objects. Hence the "scrum." And on this occasion it was fully ten minutes before all the bladders had been seized and reseized, and in the end, of course, "busted" with much gusto.

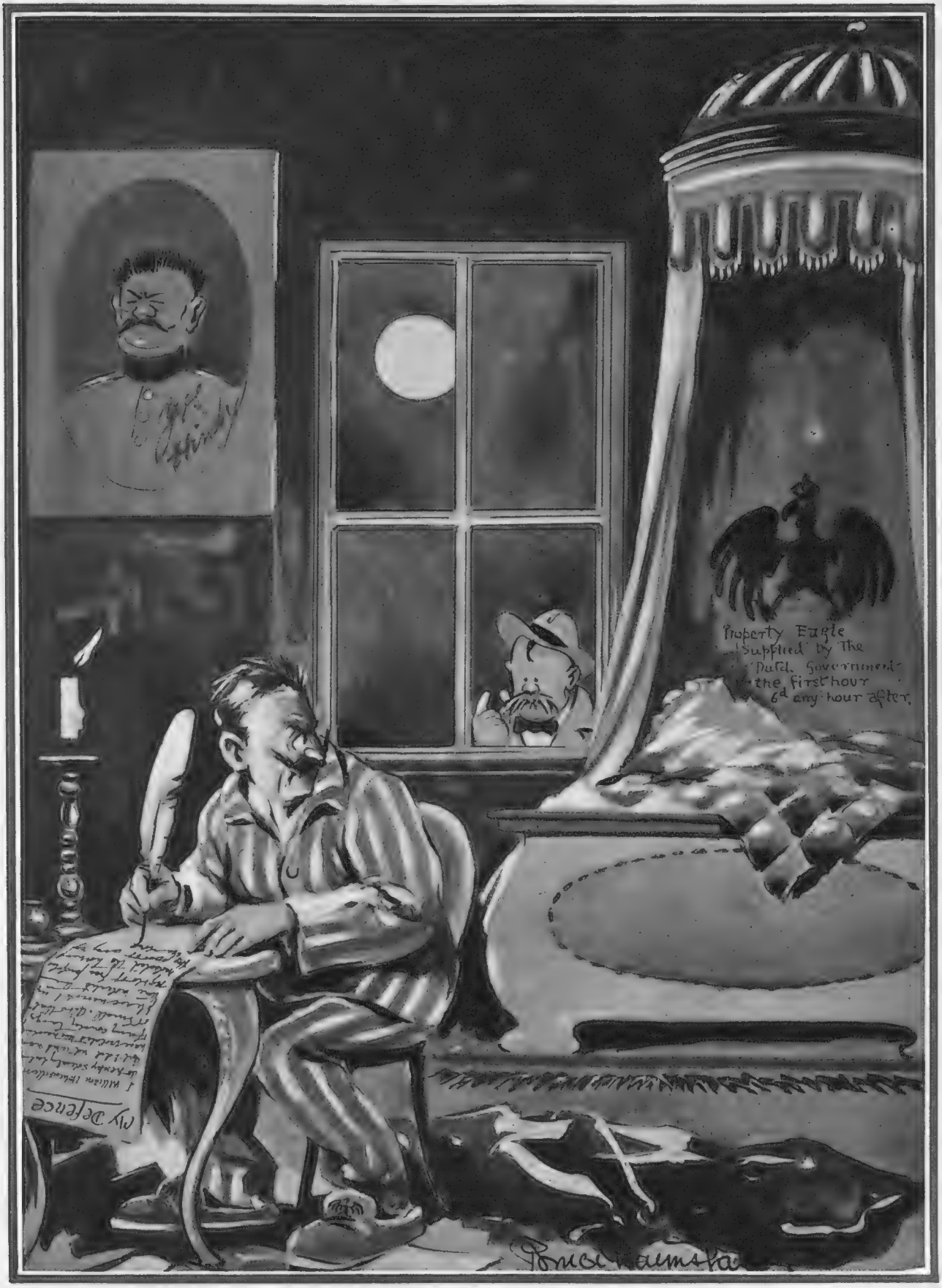
Having been in the midst of the doings from the first, and having incidentally deprived a pink-faced and much too obviously well-fed young man of three bladders which he had thought his for a brief second, I was somewhat relieved when the strain became less acute, but in the first few minutes while I stood wedged in the swaying mass I had seen a nervous-looking woman away on the outskirts of the "scrum," who tried to get in again and again and failed each time. This person rather attracted me. She appeared to be of what

"LUCKY DEVIL"

I think is variously called the "interesting," or "dangerous" age, and as, somewhat dishevelled, I got clear of the remaining "scrummers," I saw her walking slowly towards the eastern entrance under the musicians' gallery. She was unattended, and I followed. She kept me going for some time, too, for she climbed swiftly up staircase after staircase all round the building, until I managed to head her off in the gallery near the roof, and wandering casually up I said, "Good evening, ma'am. Do you know if one can get any supper up here?" One simply has to make footling remarks like that, don't you know, on these occasions. However, it didn't matter, because my fair one ignored the question, and, sinking down upon a couch, she burst into tears. This was really rather terrible. I never was much good with weeping women—but at a ball, of all occasions! However, I said, "You appear distressed, ma'am. Can I do anything for you?" Her voice was very thin and weak. She said, "No, thank you. No one can do anything. I am so unhappy." She mopped her eyes with the usual exiguous bit of cambric. I sat down at her side in an endeavour to comfort her, but she shrank away from me. "It's no good," she said, "don't touch me. Nobody wants me." I hastened to reassure her on the point—for myself at least. "Oh, no, you don't," she went on, "or, at least, you wouldn't if you knew what I was." Her voice grew very faint and weak so that I could scarcely hear it. When a lady makes a remark like that to you, you know, at a public dance in one of the further galleries—well, what can one say — or do? However, I thought that perhaps a little gentle pressure of the hand or something of that sort might help things along a bit, don't you know, but she shrank even further into the corner of the settee. "Don't touch me," she said, "you don't know me." I got rather nettled at this. One can't be expected to know *all* one's partners at a peace ball, can one? "And whom have I the honour of addressing?" I asked. And then a curious thing occurred. The lady vanished—either she got up quickly and ran away, or—well, simply vanished. But as I sat there in the twilight of that lofty gallery amid the distant strains of the jazz-bands, a little voice spoke in my ear. "I am the spirit of Chaperonage," it said, "and I am condemned to haunt this place for ever. Nobody wants me, and I am very much alone."

I ran down those stairs like Grand Parade.

The Wrong 'un of Amerongen



THE FACE AT THE WINDOW: "'Ere, yer wanted!"

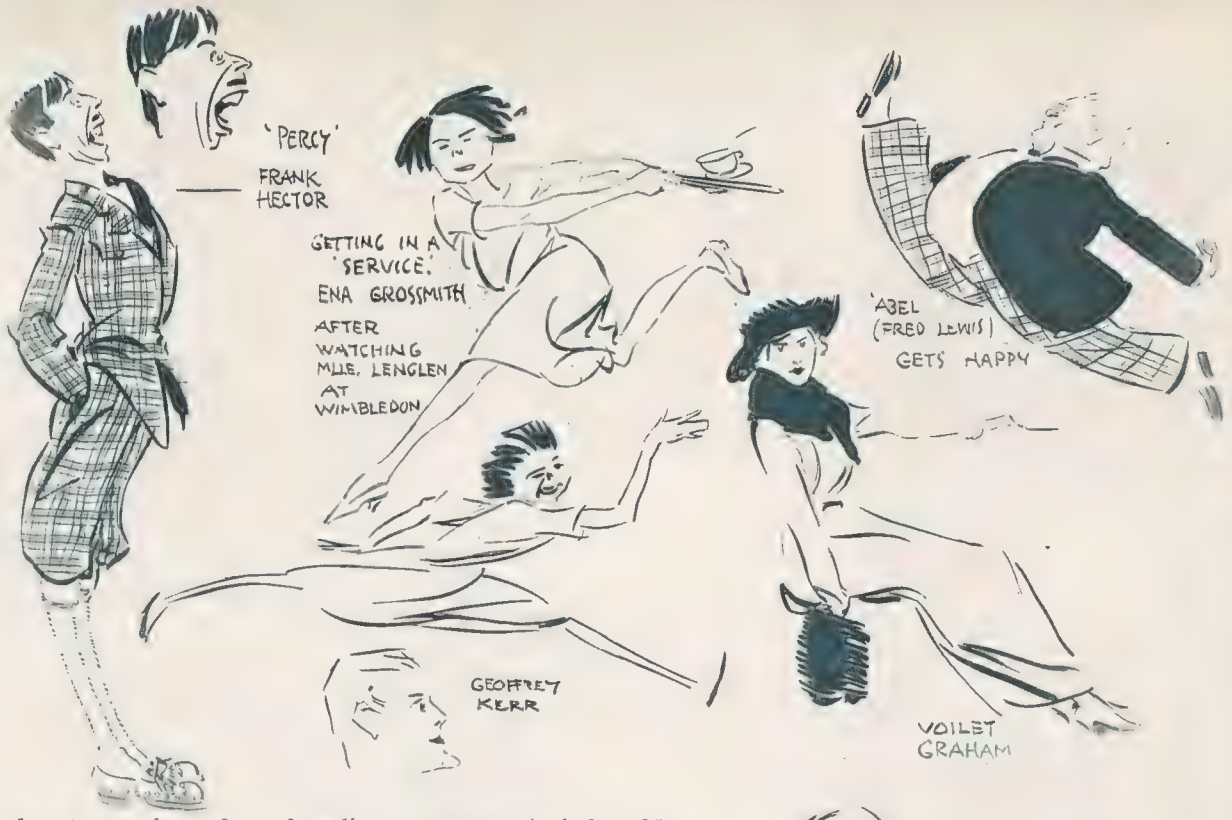
BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"TILLY of BLOOMSBURY" AT THE APOLLO

By "JINGLE" Illustrated by HARRIS

THE play opens at a country house with Lady Marian Mainwaring presiding at afternoon tea. She is expecting her son from town and when he arrives he brings with him a young lady from Bloomsbury whom he introduces as his *fiancée*, to her ladyship's undisguised horror. Richard met the girl on the top of a 'bus in Piccadilly, and in order to protect her from the unwelcome attentions of another man he attended to her himself. A little while after that, on another 'bus, he proposed marriage and was accepted; and he now brings her down to his ancestral home so as to show the striking contrast between ladies who have to work for a living in Bloomsbury and those who enjoy the refinements of opulence that make up the life of county people. It is obvious that the comparison must work itself out automatically; but the author has a gentle homely touch, and he handles his humble folk as if he loved them. They are certainly a very lovable lot.

THE interest, however, does not lie so much in the story, which is rather obvious throughout, as in the drawing of the characters, which has been done with quite extraordinary skill. There is, to begin with, the curate, played by Mr. Lawrence Hanray, a most amusing creation, even though Mr. Hanray in his efforts not to miss a possible laugh, rather overdoes the good work. For instance, he is introduced to a lady while he is taking tea. He has his clerical hat under his arm, and a cup of tea in one hand and a bun in the other. The problem, therefore, arises as to how he can shake hands with the lady. If he transfers his cup from his left hand to his right, he must transfer the bun from his right hand to his left and there will be no progress to report. It reminds you of the old problem about the man who had a fox and a goose and a sack of corn to take over the river. Fortunately the lady, having had the



advantage of modern breeding, is able to solve the problem at once. She lightly removes the cake from the curate's fingers and sticks it in his mouth while she shakes his hand, returning the cake afterwards to its original position in a practically undamaged state. Laugh? The house was one corrugated shriek for the best part of a minute.

THEN there is Tilly, a gentle little creature most charmingly played by Miss Mary Glynne. Tilly is dazzled for the moment by the luxuriousness of the surroundings into which she has been introduced; but she is the kind of lady who is not disposed to play second fiddle to anybody. Therefore, she talks to Lady Mainwaring (Miss Marie Illington) about her father's motah-car and the butler at their Bloomsbury house, and the life of dignified ease led by her family generally. By and by Lady Mainwaring not unnaturally expresses a wish to see something of the family into which her son proposes to marry, and Tilly, with a fine confidence in her ability to see the trouble through, invites the family to visit the Bloomsbury homestead on the following Monday.

TILLY'S father, Mr. Welwyn, is a really fine performance by Mr. Allan Aynesworth. He was formerly a 'Varsity Fellow, but has come down in the world owing, as he says, to his unfortunate habit of not taking first things first. Having to deliver a lecture his programme was to get his work done and then brace himself up with a magnum of champagne. Unhappily, obeying a natural tendency to reverse the order of things, he took the champagne first, and though the ensuing lecture was in its way regarded as an absolute marvel, it was not regarded as a purely academic success. In fact it cost Mr. Welwyn his Fellowship. Thrown out on the cold, hard world, Mr. Welwyn hit upon the happy idea of marrying a lady who let lodgings in Bloomsbury, thus insuring for himself a regular income not chastened by the shadow of vulgar toil. He is always about to be very industrious, but except for the effort of putting a

shilling or so on a horse-race in the splendid hope of rising thereby to affluence and ease, he does not appear to do any work at all. In one respect, however, he is able to excel the majority of us. He can get whisky, which is no ordinary feat in these glorious days.

TILLY gets back home just in time to learn that the brokers are in. The man in possession is not usually regarded as a boon and a blessing, but Tilly hails him as the saviour of the situation. The Mainwarings are due to tea at five o'clock, and for a small tip the bailiff is easily persuaded to dress himself in an old suit of evening clothes and pose as the butler of the house. Mr. Arthur Bourchier, who takes this part, plays it with a rather heavy hand, and thus deprives it of its character as a connecting link in the story. For amusing though he is, his butler is an impossibly farcical person who would deceive nobody, but stands out as a sort of "turn" by itself in the middle of the play. The efforts of the family to give an air of aristocratic grandeur to their obviously inferior surroundings are, likewise, a good deal overdone, but I haven't heard so much laughter in a theatre for years. A fat man in front of me was obliged to put his handkerchief to his eyes at frequent intervals to wipe away the tears of joy that welled up at the sight of Tilly's social mistakes; and every now and again some lady (of Scottish descent, it may be) who saw the jokes a little later than the rest of us, sent up an isolated yelp to heaven on her own account that made us laugh still more.

FROM the point of view of the captious critic, over-acting was the order of the evening. The chief exception was Mr. Aynesworth, who gave us a quiet analysis of the character of a failure in life who has now entirely given up making good resolutions because he realises his utter inability to carry them out. He resigns himself to the position of a remittance-man living as it were at home. Another remarkable character is that of Grandma Banks, a superannuated old lady who will not hear plumbers lightly spoken of because her late husband belonged to that exalted professional body. Grandma is not considered good enough to mix with the exalted company that are about to arrive and so she is packed off to bed. But in the solitude of her chamber she deliberates on the position, and comes to the conclusion that she is being heartlessly deprived of her share of some fun that is going on. Therefore she drifts drearily back to the parlour at precisely the most unwelcome moment, to the joy of the audience, and the despair of Tilly. This part is admirably well played by Miss Marie Wright, who contrives to infuse a little refreshing humour into an obviously pathetic character, with complete success.

MRS. WELWYN, the illiterate wife of the deposed Fellow, is played with a nice restraint by Miss Nellie Hodson; but her son Percy seems to me to be quite an impossible creation. Still, in the energetic hands of Mr. Frank Hector he afforded huge amusement to a not very discriminating audience, and that, after all, is what we go to the theatre for. Mr. Geoffrey Kerr has a conventional lover's part which he plays gracefully, and as Tilly, Miss Mary Glynne is delightful. The piece is likely to be a popular success, but I shall always associate it in my mind with Allan Aynesworth's quiet perfection as the Fellow who was a failure.

JINGLE

In "Nobody's Boy"

WHEREIN SHE IS MOST DISTINCTLY "SOMEBODY'S GIRL"

Photograph *Claude Harris*

MISS DAISY BURRELL

Who takes the part of Mollie Maybud in Mr. J. L. Sacks' successful American production at the Garrick Theatre

"Hi-Yah!"

SOME NOTES ON THE NOTORIOUS PUSSYFOOT

By ARTHUR MILLS

Two Chinamen were sleeping on a bridge that spans the tributary of the Yangste above Shanghai. One of them, rolling over in his sleep, fell with a "plop" into the water. The other, awakened by the splash, looked over the side of the bridge at his drowning companion and exclaimed "*Hi-yah!*"

Two countries speaking the same language and closely related by family ties, lived on terms of brotherly affection. They shared the same tastes and drank the same beverages. One of them went "dry" The other exclaimed "*Hi-yah!*"

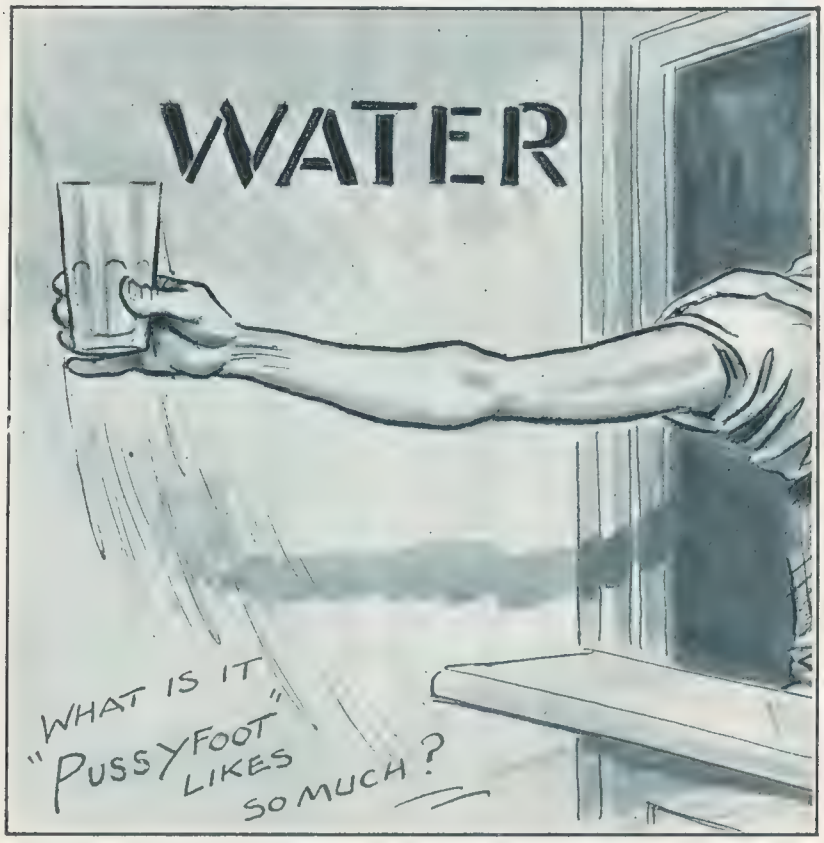
What exactly does *Hi-yah* mean? The expression is a very favourite one with the Celestials but hard to translate into our language. "It has happened—Goodness Gracious—It will not happen to me." Such thoughts as these, I think, pass through the Chinaman's mind when he says *Hi-yah.* And I believe that such thoughts passed through the mind of the average citizen of Great Britain when he heard that, first the United States had made laws prohibiting the sale of drink, and that Canada might follow suit.

The first time that anyone said to me that he thought Pussyfoot would conquer Britain, a picture came back to my mind. The picture was of a row of bivouacs, in them men worn out with incessant marching and fighting lying down to sleep for the first time for seventy-two hours. At eleven p.m. I got word that the rum ration would be up at midnight. I said to my sergeant that I intended to hold over the issue till the morning, as the men would not wish to be awakened. "I think the boys would rather have it when it comes up, sir," he answered, and so it proved.

In the face of such recollections one cannot take the Pussyfoot campaign seriously. Nor does it appear likely to be taken seriously by anyone.

It is interesting at the moment to recall other attempts from across the Atlantic to introduce the ridiculous into Great Britain. There was, for example, the Ford Peace boat. A man like Mr. Ford, whose cars have rendered such invaluable service to the Allies, is a personality not lightly to be reckoned with. With his millions at the back of him, his immense organising ability, and his power of purpose he came over to visit England in a ship. He was going to try to convince us that we should make peace, not to our dishonour, it is true, but certainly not—as we have now done—to our everlasting credit. The only outstanding feature of his enterprise was that before the Peace ship had been many days at sea, it became public knowledge that no single member of Mr. Ford's peace party was on speaking terms with another. We laughed, and as he sailed away said "*Hi-yah!*" So we should laugh if one of the Temperance advocates from America, happening to suck a currant that had been too near a grape, became intoxicated and was carried to Vine Street.

We are at the moment preoccupied with our Peace Celebrations. Nevertheless, we find time to take an interest in fights, cricket matches, regattas, and racing. No one, however, appears to take the slightest interest in Mr. Johnson's efforts to garland our Empire with blue ribbon. I do not even remember having seen his photograph in the papers. However, if he makes himself too conspicuous it is just possible that some half-witted fanatic will do him an injury. Should anything so deplorable happen, Madame Tussaud will, no doubt, perpetuate his effigy for us. Otherwise, like Mr. Ford and his Peace boat, Pussyfoot Johnson will come and go.



WITH APOLOGIES TO MESSRS. WATNEY, COOMBES, REID, LTD.

The New Offensive

(THIS IS, OF COURSE, A JOKE.—Ed.)

The ANIMA

How the Higher Fashion f the Lower

Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, Dame Fashion ever strives after novelty, and our artist has been at some pains to discover the source of her inspiration at this present moment. After careful observations on the boulevards of Paris, on the course at Longchamps, and the sea-front

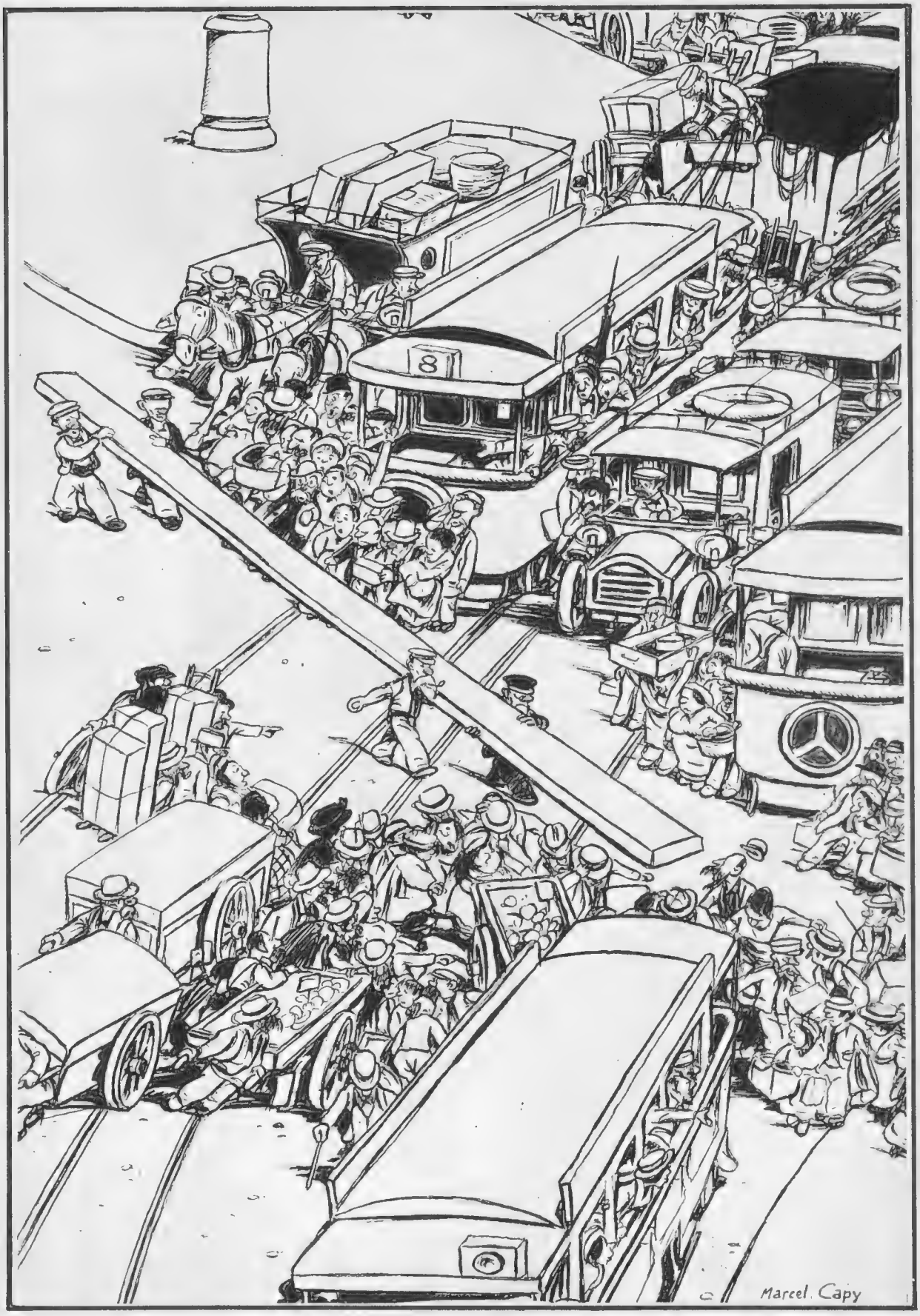
L QUEENDOM

finds Inspiration among Orders

at Deauville, she has come to the conclusion that, for a brief while at least, the shapes of birds and beasts are the models upon which the present silhouette is fashioned—with some very charming results, as witness these pictures.

BY R. LE QUESNE

Le Travail Reprend!



HOUSE-BUILDING ABOUT TO RECOMMENCE?

Intense public astonishment and abject paralysis of transport on appearance of men with (presumably) some portion of the structure of a new house

The Bystander in Paris

MES AMIS—

THERE have been two times that I have felt most in the last weeks the emotion of victory and of pride to be French and in both times of so great feeling it is with the English people we have shared. The first time has been in the Galerie des Glaces at Versailles when the Boche have come in looking so sad like at a funeral. Every one has been quite silent and has stopped making the signatures on the picture post-cards with which they have been so busy. They have all thought it is here now the end of the German Empire that Bismarck has made in our Galerie des Glaces and they have turned to look at the men who should represent the great Germany which is beaten.

TO-DAY there has been the second moment—so wonderful that we have all had the cheeks wet with tears as we have cheered. It has been when our *poilus* have marched under the Arc de Triomphe. What delirium. Never, never, has there been so great a fête. Our Paris to-day has been wonderful like it has never been. We have bought new flags, Lucile and I, to hang at our windows the Tricolour of the Republic, the Union Jack and all the flags of Belgium, America, Italy, and the other Allies, and we have kissed them all before we have hung them out.

EVERYONE has done the same. There have been flags at every window, great big ones, that have quite hidden the walls of the houses so that our streets seemed to have been built of the bright colours, the red, white and blue, the green and the yellow and black. It was like to live in a futurist town where the colours had gone quite mad.

"We have kissed them all"

I HAVE wakened so early in the morning because in our avenue a company of our soldiers has gathered to begin their march and they have sounded the drum a little just to make every one feel gay when they have wakened. How it is different from the last year I have thought as I have put on my *peignoir* all in an excitement to see. Do you remember, my friends, how I have written then of our *fête nationale*, how we have made our little procession of Allied soldiers so early in the morning in the Avenue du Bois before the Grosse Bertha should begin to make the trouble, and how at night the Boche has begun his last great battle that was to take Paris and has crossed the Marne again and made so terrible noise with his guns that all our windows have rattled in the night and we have not slept for the boom, boom, boom, that has never stopped?

TO-DAY, what difference. Everyone has begun to hurry outside ever so early and there have been many who have slept all the night in the Champs-Élysées to be sure to have a good place in the morning to see the procession. It was all to one place that they have wished to go—to see our *poilus* march below the Arc where only the body of Napoleon has passed and where our old Parisians emptied all the *poubelles* when the Germans have wished

"THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS" (*concluded*)

to ride through in '71. Never has there been such a crowd and so great excitement. Everyone has had a flag to wave and so much emotion to cheer that the noise has caught itself in the throat.

EVERYWHERE there have been bands to make us glad and so much noise of music playing different tunes that the sound has been like our flag decorations, a madness of the futurists. Where we have been has been the Americans who played a tune which Lucile has said was all dots and dashes and points of exclamation, and each side were French bands who played *Sambre et Meuse* and *Auprès de ma blonde* for the soldiers to sing till it has been all like a salad of noise. But it has been quieter afterwards, because the American drummer was become so excited that he has smashed his big drum.

IT was very long to wait till all was ready for the march to begin, but in our window we have eaten the cherries and had a *déjeuner* of little sandwiches and champagne to make the time pass, and the big crowds have amused themselves to cheer at nothing at all and to quarrel because the hat of the one in front was so big that they could not see or because another has stood on the toe of his neighbour.

AT last it has been that one heard the sound of a bugle. "*Les voilà!*" everyone has cried. So far away we have seen them come—the long blue and khaki column of our heroes marching through the forest of flags. Each regiment has had its band and its *fanion*. *Fantassins*, Chasseurs, cavalry, the gunners, the tank corps, the *Service du Santé*, all the bravest of our brave army that fought for four years at the Marne, in Champagne, at Verdun, and in the great battles of Foch.

ALL up the long avenue they have come, how the people have shouted: "*Vive les poilus! Vive Foch, vive Clemenceau, vive la Republique!*" And so many have just cried and cried all the time, and all the men have taken off their hats.

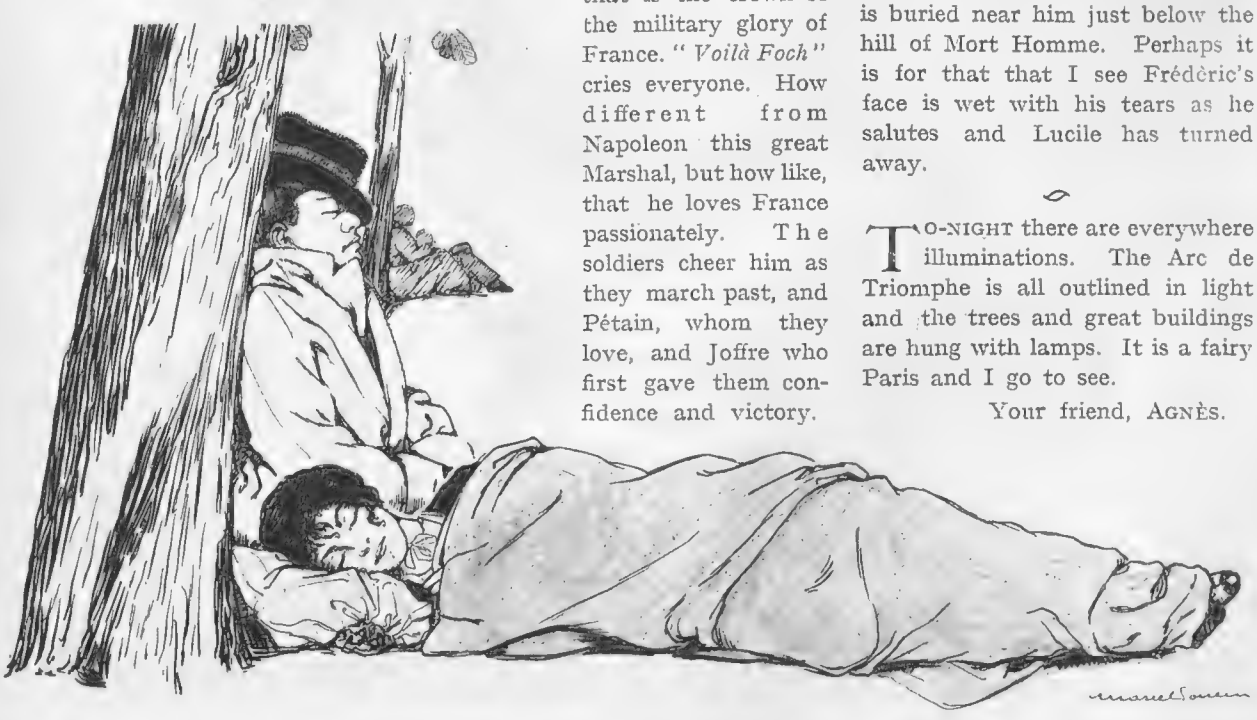
IT has come at last the great procession of horizon blue up the long hill to the great arc that Napoleon planned for his heroes, that is the crown of the military glory of France. "*Voilà Foch*" cries everyone. How different from Napoleon this great Marshal, but how like, that he loves France passionately. The soldiers cheer him as they march past, and Pétain, whom they love, and Joffre who first gave them confidence and victory.

"I have put on my peignoir all in an excitement to see"

EVERYONE is throwing flowers and shouting to their friends in the long column. Here come our Parisians. The cheers are two times as loud. Lucile and I look for our brothers—there is Frédèric and there is Jean, but little Pierre does not march to-day through the Arc de Triomphe, and Henri is buried near him just below the hill of Mort Homme. Perhaps it is for that that I see Frédèric's face is wet with his tears as he salutes and Lucile has turned away.

TO-NIGHT there are everywhere illuminations. The Arc de Triomphe is all outlined in light and the trees and great buildings are hung with lamps. It is a fairy Paris and I go to see.

Your friend, AGNÈS.



"There have been many who have slept all the night in the Champs-Élysées"

Biblio-guile!

"Glad you're so interested in my books"
"It isn't that, old man, but I've lost so many of my own!"

The Bystander in Copenhagen

"EVERY TIME'S KISSING TIME"

THE Copenhagen Bystander has celebrated Dannebrog Day. He has participated in the frenzied observance of Denmark's greatest holiday; an event mightier far than even the return of Prodigal Schleswig. For it is just seven hundred years since Providence created the Dannebrog. And every Dane tells the legend of how, when his pious Christian forebears were fighting the heathen Ests at Reval, and very nearly getting licked by the same heathen Ests, the Dannebrog—staff, bunting, red ground and white cross complete—dropped suddenly out of heaven. After which the heathen Ests fled incontinently; and every Danish man and maid ever since has been engaged in innocent, recreative kissing.

THIS sounds like a *non-sequitur*; for what has kissing to do with flags? Well, that was the Copenhagen Bystander's question after making a Dannebrog Day *Udflygt*, or excursion to the Dyrehave, which is Copenhagen's Hampstead Heath, followed by a trip to Copenhagen's Tivoli, which is a sort of Earl's Court with kisses hurled in. In some ways, a Copenhagen holiday is grimly like a British one. There are the same full trains, full baskets, full citizens; lost babies and tempers; and ticklefull fevvers. The average Copenhagener goes to the Dyrehavebakke which is in Klampenborg Forest, not six miles from the City Hall; and this Dyrehavebakke differs from Hhhampstead Hhhheath, as the young man said when bidden stick to his aitches, only by its superabundance, (far exceeding unambitious Britain's achievements) of demonstrative and strident public love.

THE Dyrehavebakke has many booths, Aunt Sallys, Punch and Judy shows, dancing halls (where you pay five öre, which is a halfpenny a dance), fevvers and kissing. Kissing predominates. The hyper-natural Dane scorns the dull Cockney habit of embracing his girl (or some other man's) in public only when there's no cover in sight. He *insists on* a place with no cover. A place in the sun. As long as the Copenhagen Bystander walked through thick forest with four feet high undergrowth he saw not one enamoured pair; but next, near the Dyrehavebakke, on an open space without a single tree, he found at least three-hundred couples, on an average five yards apart, engaged in tenderest sighing, most stringent squeezing, and most reverberative osculation.

THE observant Bystander excepted, no one paid attention. Copenhageners have no time to pay attention; for all their time is occupied with the same kissing game. Kissing monopolises everything, even the fevver business. In the Dyrehavebakke, the fevvers, all cut out of bright-hued tissue paper, are worn not by the Danish donah, but by her pal. As Dannebrog Day fell on Sunday many correct young Danes wore mirror-like silk hats, and in these hats they wore (paper) fevvers of crimson, orange and green. "What does it mean?" asked the Copenhagen Bystander. "It means this," said his informant. "If he sees a girl with stockings the colour of one of his fevvers, he has a right to kiss her." Later, at the Tivoli, the Copenhagen Bystander noticed that every male under forty and every female under seventy, wore a paper slip printed with a number. "What does that mean?" he asked. "It means," replied his informant, "that when a man meets a girl bearing the same number, he has a right to kiss her."

EVERY time's kissing time. In the same Tivoli is a switch-back railway with a Cimmerianly-tenebrous tunnel. When your car enters the tunnel, you have not only the right but also the sacramental duty to kiss all maids within reach, even if, in the process, you bruise your head against the skull of some rival engaged in the same high work. If you neglect this duty, there's a (female) chorus: "He's no gentleman." Why tunnel darkness is waited for, the Copenhagen Bystander does not know; for in the full glare of the lamps in the Dyrehavebakke's five-öre dance-hall, he once saw at the same moment three jazzing pairs kissing in perfect time.

AND there are blithe sights to be seen in that bare expanse of the Dyrehave behind the strand villa, which is being prepared for the Dowager Tsaritsa Dagmar. For the exacting Copenhagen Bystander the finest of these sights is the Cigar-Kiss. All Danish maids aged over blushful fifteen, smoke cigars, and, naturally, all Danish youths over blushless fifteen also smoke cigars. The girls' cigars are just a trifle thinner. Well, you see a pretty pair posed idyllically on the virgin grass, each with a cigar in the mouth, a loving look in the eye, and a hand in the hand. Suddenly hand releases hand; cigars fly out of the mouths; a warm kiss is blushlessly exchanged, and as the pairs of ruby lips move apart, back to their former places imperturbably fly the cigars.

WHETHER it is fair to entice Britons by such tales to visit kissful Denmark, the Copenhagen Bystander doubts. As an old bufier, who keeps the cigar between his lips once it's there, the Copenhagen Bystander finds these viking amours somewhat obtrusive. Also he is pained by Copenhagen's indifferent seaside hotels, restaurants and pensions. Kisses are no substitute for clean table-cloths; and though the food *is* excellent, one prefers not to have it thrown at one as if it were a mere kiss. However, the Servant Question is worse here far than in civilised, servile England.

Cologne Has a Couple of Days' Racing

IMPRESSIONS ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL OCCUPATIONAL ARTIST

A CRICCIETH DIARY

By FRANK ELIAS

THE Prime Minister's stay at Criccieth, which recently concluded, has excited great interest, and there had been some comment on the fact that he has been summoning ministers to Wales instead of going to them in London. The strenuous character of his day, however, has probably not been suspected. A personal diary of one day's work, which came into the hands of our Very Special Correspondent, may, therefore, be of some interest:

9.15 a.m.	Arrival of A. Balfour by special train.
9.16 — 9.20	Conference with Balfour.
9.21	Departure of Balfour.
9.25	Inspect D Company 7th Batt. (George's Own) Private Secretary's Regiment.
9.30	Arrival of Winston and Staff in fifteen Rolls-Royces.
9.31 — 9.35	Conference with Winnie.
9.37	Winnie and Staff leave for London.
9.40	Grant interview to *The Limes* (in house).
9.40½	Grant interview to *Daily Shellograph* (on the beach).
9.41	Grant interview to the *Refreshing Fruiterer's Journal* (in orchard).
9.41½	Grant interview to the *Highstander* (on Snowden).
9.42	Inspect 161st Company the Cinema Engineers.
9.43	Arrival of Birkenhead C. by brougham; greys in the shafts.
9.44 — 9.50	Conference with Birkenhead *re* laws.
9.51	Arrival of Bonar by biplane.
9.52 —10.0	Conference with Bonar *re* Law.
10.0	Departure of Bonar and Birkenhead.
10.5	Inspect A Company, Twelfth Battalion Private Secretary's Regiment.
10.10	Arrival of Bottomley on bull.
10.10 —10.15	Conference with Bottomley *re* Bottomley.
10.16	Bottomley leaves. Arrival of Home Sec.
10.20 —10.27	Conference with Home Sec.
10.28	Cut him short. He leaves.
10.29 —10.35	Grant interviews to twelve provincial newspapers.
10.35 —10.44	Grant interviews to twelve overseas newspapers.
10.44 —10.46	Grant interviews to seventy-three American newspapers.
10.47 —11.0	Inspect 13th Batt. (My Very Ownest) Regiment of Detectives.
11.5	Arrival of MacPherson by tank.
11.7 —11.14	Conference with Mac.
11.15	Departure of Mac. Arrival of Montagu in Indian litter.
11.16 —11.21	Confer with Montagu.
11.25	Departure of Montagu and arrival of Austen by monocle—I mean monoplane.
11.25 —11.30	Conference with Austen *re* cash.
11.32	Austen flies away.
11.32 —11.43	Grant interviews to six Polish, three Yiddish, two Arabian, five Czech-Slovak and seven Red Indian journals.
11.45 —11.50	Arrival of Eric Geddes.
11.50 a.m.	Geddes begins reading list of North-Eastern Railway officials, who will be transferred to Ways and Communications Ministry.
3.0 p.m.	Eric still reading list.
6.0 p.m.	Eric still reading list.
Midnight	Eric concludes reading list.
12.5 a.m.	Arrival of the King of the Hedjaz by elephant.
	Arrival of Paderewski by Grand Piano.
	Arrival of President Wilson by Battle Ship.
	Arrival of Charlie Chaplin by Cattle Ship.
	Arrival of the Shah of Persia by Magic Carpet.
	Arrival of Pemberton Billing by Magic Lantern.
	Arrival of M. Clemenceau by Big Four Wheeler.
	Arrival of Smillie by Coal Waggon.
	Arrival of a thousand and one Knights of the British Empire by push bike.
	Arrival of the Kaiser!!!!!
12.15 a.m.	Wake up.

"YAH, PUSSYFOOT!"

Being Mr. Brown's remark on observing his glass standing obstinately at "dry"

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

A Case for Reform

By B. C. HOARE

"YES," said the man in rags thoughtfully, "I've come down in the world. The world's got the better of me, and I've gone under. That's how it stands. And it was all due to a bottle of whisky."

"Ah," said the Reformer, sympathetically, feeling at once in his pocket.

He was a very earnest reformer, and took life very seriously. He was known amongst his friends as a particularly brilliant temperance advocate. There's no doubt that he had induced a large number of inveterate drinkers to see the error of their ways, and at temperance meetings up and down the country he was greatly in request. He himself attributed his successes not so much to any natural gifts that he might have possessed, though he did not underrate these, as to method. First of all, he was always on the alert to collect the life stories of men who had been ruined by drink. Secondly, he carried in his pocket a notebook in which these stories were entered up and indexed with a careful system of cross references. Whenever he met a likely looking case he tactfully drew out the story and promptly noted it down in the book. Before addressing a temperance meeting he took out the book and selected a case appropriate to the occasion. At the end of his lecture, in impressive language, he repeated the history of the downfall. Then, with eyes still wet with tears, the queue would form up, waiting to sign the pledge.

So when the reformer saw a man in rags, his whole appearance speaking eloquently of defeat, sitting on one of the benches in the park, he immediately suspected a case, and took his seat beside him. He remarked on the beauty of the weather and of the park, just to put the Case at its ease and afford an opening.

"My friend," he proceeded, kindly and tactfully, "I expect I am not far wrong in supposing that like many another you have had your share of troubles."

And when the Case replied that his troubles were due to a bottle of whisky the Reformer's heart leapt within him, and immediately feeling in his pocket he drew out the note-book.

"My poor fellow," he said, "tell me your troubles, and let us see if I cannot be of some slight assistance."

"Well," began the Case sadly, "it happened in this way. I came of a good family, and my elder brother Jim and I were in business together. Our prospects were good, and we lived on the best of terms until the time when Jim met Mary. I needn't tell you her surname; you wouldn't know it if I did. I was travelling abroad on business at the time, and knew nothing whatever about it until I came home and found them engaged. Jim told me about it on the night of my return, and naturally enough I congratulated him, and was almost as pleased as he was, until a few days later I met Mary. And then I suddenly began to realise that Mary was just the sort of girl I'd been looking for for years. And now Jim had found her and got himself engaged to her while I was away and hadn't a chance. It didn't seem quite fair to me, and I began to feel very bitter against Jim. Mary and I were just made for one another, and Jim wasn't the sort of man to make a girl happy.

"Then it was Jim's turn to go abroad, and I used to see a good deal of Mary. I would get her little presents—Mary always liked pretty things, and Jim, who was a careful fellow in money matters, scarcely bought her anything, and what he did buy was mostly cheap stuff. At last I said to her one day:

"'Mary, d'you think you're going to be really happy with Jim?'

"'Well,' she said, looking down, 'I hardly know. Jim's a darling, but he's rather careful, isn't he?' "'Don't you think, Mary,' I said, 'that you and I were just made for one another?'

"'Perhaps we were,' she answered, looking at a pretty little bracelet I'd just given her. 'But then what'll Jim say when he comes back? And Jim's a darling, too.'

"'Why, look here Mary' I said, 'you've only got to tell him that you were a bit hurried before, and now you've had time to think things over, and you find you don't love him as much as you thought you did at first. So now you think it would be best for both to break off the engagement. You needn't say anything about me, you know. And then if later on we did happen to get engaged, why then Jim's got no cause to complain.'

"'But d'you think that's quite honourable?' she said.

"'Everything's honourable in love,' I replied. 'And besides, it's no worse than Jim getting himself engaged to you when I was away and hadn't even a chance to ask you myself. You and I can easily settle Jim.'

"'Well, I don't know' she replied. 'I must think it over.'

"And so it went on till Jim came back. I couldn't get Mary to say whether she wanted Jim or me, though I was pretty certain it was me she wanted. Anyhow, I knew I wanted her badly.

"Well, after Jim had been home a few days he came into the room one night with a face as black as thunder.

"'Look here,' he said, 'what do you mean by running after Mary while I've been away?'

"'Running after Mary?' I said. 'Who's been running after Mary?'

"'Why, you have,' he shouted. 'And, what's more, you've been giving her presents.'

'I saw then that Mary had let it out, so I had to make the best of it.

"'Now look here,' I said, in a soothing sort of way. 'You know, Jim, you and Mary are never going to be happy together. You're not the sort of man for Mary, and she's

(All rights strictly reserved)

"A CASE FOR REFORM" (*concluded*)

not the sort of wife for you. You want a wife who'll mend your clothes and give you nice meals and look after you well. Now, Mary's not that sort at all; she's——'

"But Jim wouldn't listen to reason. He jumped up and started banging about, and wanted to know which of us two was to choose his wife for him. Altogether he was most unreasonable, and wouldn't hear a word of commonsense. And then Mary made it very difficult because she wouldn't say which of us she wanted to marry. Sometimes it was me she loved best and sometimes it was Jim. And so it went on for several weeks, and the relations between Jim and me became more and more strained.

"And then one evening Jim entered the smoking-room with a bottle of whisky in one hand and a pack of cards in the other."

"Ah" sighed the Reformer. "drink and cards." And he made an entry in his note-book.

"'I can't stand this any longer,' said Jim, putting them down on the table. 'I'm willing to come to terms.'

"'That's better, old man,' I said. 'I'm glad you see it in that light. You'd never be really happy with Mary, but she'll always be one of your best friends. You'll always be welcome at our house, and we'll name the baby after you. So now we'll sit down and have a drink together and then——'

"'Wait a bit,' said Jim, holding up his hand. 'You're in too much of a hurry. That isn't what I mean. Now look here, we'll take the cards and cut for it. Whoever wins takes Mary—if she'll have him, of course—and whoever loses takes the bottle of whisky. Now there's a sporting offer for you.'

"'And suppose I refuse,' I said.

"'Then I'll bash your head in,' said Jim, clenching his fist.

"Now Jim was bigger and stronger than I was, with the very devil of a temper when he was roused, so, seeing that he meant business, I thought it best to agree. So we cut."

For a few moments the Case paused, overcome with emotion. The Reformer's heart was moved to tears.

"My poor fellow," he said, gently, "don't continue if it is so painful to you. I can see so clearly how it happened." And he made rapid entries in his note-book.

"Your brother took the girl you love and you got the bottle of whisky. And that was the beginning——."

"No," said the Case, mournfully, "you're wrong. I won the girl."

For a moment they sat in silence.

"And your brother?" said the Reformer hopefully, with his pencil ready. "Did he take to——?"

"Jim?" replied the Case. "Jim's making two thousand a year."

The Reformer closed his note-book with a snap, and put it away in his pocket.

"I suppose," said the Case, getting up, "you couldn't lend me a fiver? Mary says she can't live in a house without a piano, and if I don't get one she'll raise Cain."

"I'm afraid not," said the Reformer, also rising.

That evening he tore a leaf out of his note-book.

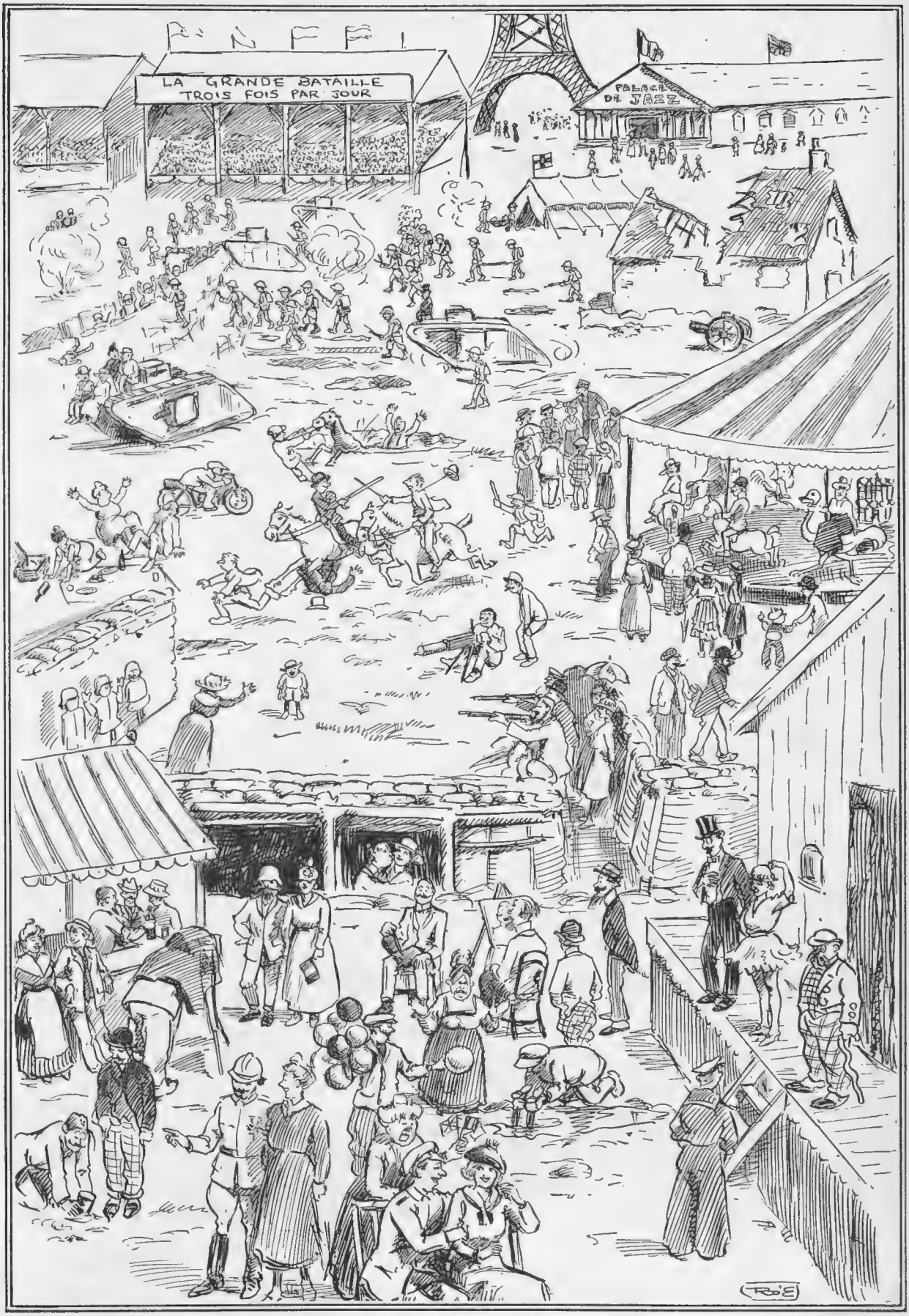
B. C. HOARE

Photograph *Compton Collier*

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MISS WINIFRED BARNES

The well-known actress, who has been engaged by Mr. C. B. Cochran to take a leading part in his new operetta, "Maggie." There is also a rumour that Miss Barnes will shortly appear in another kind of "engagement" of a more personal character, and in this rumour appears also the name of a young peer. But we are not saying any more about that at the moment

"Après la Guerre Finit"—



—"Tous les Soldats Partient"—But Other Folk, and Things, Replace Them

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

SHOOTING

At Bisley

As was pointed out in these columns last week, Great Britain is not really so very much behind her Colonies and Dominions in the matter of sports as some people have lately been suggesting, and now there comes along at least one useful vindication of her prowess. Readers will remember that in the report issued by the German Staff of the early operations of 1914 reference was made to "the large number of machine-guns" used by the British, which retarded the German advance in so many places and how these "machine-guns" eventually turned out to be the magnificent rifle-fire of our Regular Army. Last Wednesday, the British Naval and Military team provided irrefutable evidence that, though fighting is over, we are still supreme when it comes to the handling of a rifle by carrying off the Empire Trophy. This was done in the teeth of very keen competition, chiefly from Australia, who were but 72 points behind in a possible aggregate score of 2,400. The trophy is competed for by teams of eight selected from the Naval, Military, and Air Forces of the various units of the Empire, and this year, the year of the competition's institution, teams were entered by Canada and New Zealand in addition to those of Great Britain and Australia.

Steadiness Wins

The weather conditions were not too good, particularly on the last day, and under the circumstances the British aggregate score of 2,112 was a very fine one. In the first stage the best scores were those of Sergeant A. G. Fulton and C. P. O. Morton, the former being, of course, the King's Prizeman of pre-war days. Both of these marksmen got 135 out of a possible 150, but the chief characteristic of the British shooting throughout the competition was its wonderful steadiness. But the best team-work of all came on the following day, when at 800 yards Great Britain lost only 25 points all told. At this distance another old King's Prizeman, Sergeant Burr, missed a "possible" only by one unlucky final shot. He scored eleven consecutive "bulls," including his two sighters.

HOCKEY

Early Prospects

There are many signs of a big boom in Hockey when the season comes round again. The last four years has claimed many casualties from the ranks of the first-class players, and the standard of play will, as in most other games, no doubt be a good deal lower than it was immediately before the war, but the defect will be a very temporary one. The game is already claiming many new recruits, the big Associations are moving fast, and the Secretaries of the more important clubs are near completion of their fixture lists. The Southern Counties Association held a very successful meeting a week or two ago, and the Hockey Association held their annual general meeting last week. With one exception all the officers were re-elected and several interesting announcements were made, including the statement that Great Britain will put a hockey team in the field at Antwerp for the Olympic games next year. It is very doubtful, however, whether international matches can be arranged for the coming season.

(Continued on page 336)

INTER-ALLIED REGATTA AT SURESNES, ON THE SEINE

The Cambridge Team which won the Eights by a third of a length from Australia. New Zealand was third

Bad Weather Fails

TO DAMP THE ARDOUR OF THE ESSEX MOTOR CLUB

Photographs *Topica.*

TWO VIEWS OF THE OPEN SPEED TRIALS AT WESTCLIFFE-ON-SEA

These speed trials were held on the Esplanade at Westcliffe, and, despite heavy rain, attracted a large crowd. The upper picture shows one of the competitors in a motor cycle race finishing the course, and the lower the assembly of cars before the start of the racing

POLO

A Successful Season

Polo in London is practically finished for this year. Lord Cowdray and his sons, the brothers Pearson, are entertaining a number of players at Cowdray Park this week for the revival of the pleasant tournament that is run in association with the races at Goodwood. Matches are played in the evenings on return from the day's racing, and a delightful week is passed by those taking part. Next week there is to be a tournament at Rugby, and many English players will be going to Deauville, where Major Barrett is organising the resuscitation of a jolly gathering of international polo-players. In addition to the English sides, two or three French teams will be competing, and I expect a number of army players will find their way from the Rhine to Deauville. All this shows that polo is going strong. Considering the difficulties of resuming the game at a time when so many soldier-players were still away on active service, the London season has been extraordinarily successful. Most of the old tournaments have been keenly contested, and the shortage of ponies has been got over surprisingly well.

Will America Challenge?

An interesting question is whether the Americans will challenge us for the International Cup next year. I have seen it stated that in a sporting spirit they have assented to withhold their challenge until 1921, this being in response to the request of the Hurlingham authorities. I am curious to know whether such an arrangement has actually been made, because I recently heard from a good source in the United States that a challenge certainly was in contemplation. Moreover, the players who were expected to form the American team were mentioned. They include Major "Der" Milburn, the best back I have ever seen. He is all that is left of the team which lifted the cup from us ten years ago, the other members having virtually retired from the game. Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, jun., is also expected to be in the American side. He is a young player of extraordinary promise.

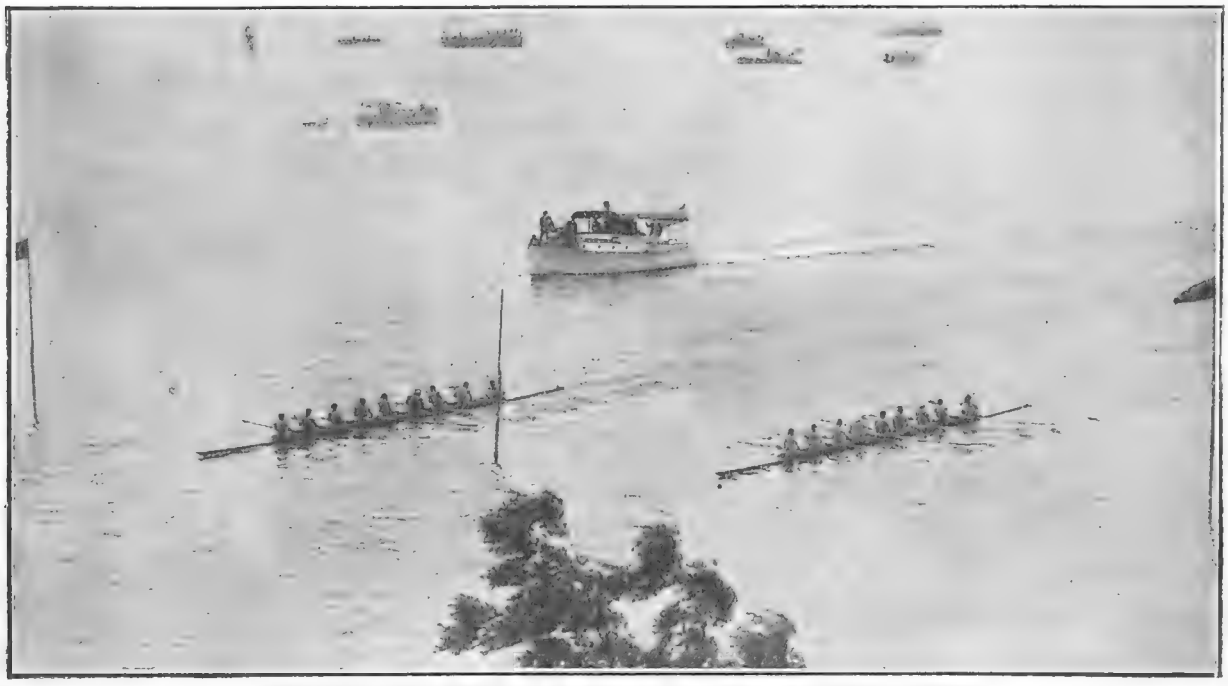
Photograph *Rouch*

MAJOR F. W. BARRETT ON "LADY JACKDAW"

This famous polo player is organising the revival of the Deauville polo season in August. Many English players are taking part in the tournaments

England's Team

So far as we can judge from this season's play, England is not too well off for international men. The best of the older players, including Majors Barrett and Lockett, have splendidly held their place in the game, but very little in the way of brilliant new talent has been revealed. Major Hurndall is one of the very few men who have shone in the attack, and will certainly be tried for his place in the next international side. Lord Rocksavage has also appreciably strengthened his reputation. I hope that next season we shall have a much stronger lot of players from whom to choose a four capable of resisting the threatened American polo invasion.



HARVARD FRESHMEN WINNING FROM YALE AT NEW LONDON

Note the flags in the river marking out the end of the course and a separate passage-way for each competing boat, a practice which we do not see on rowing courses in England, but is naturally very necessary on a wide river

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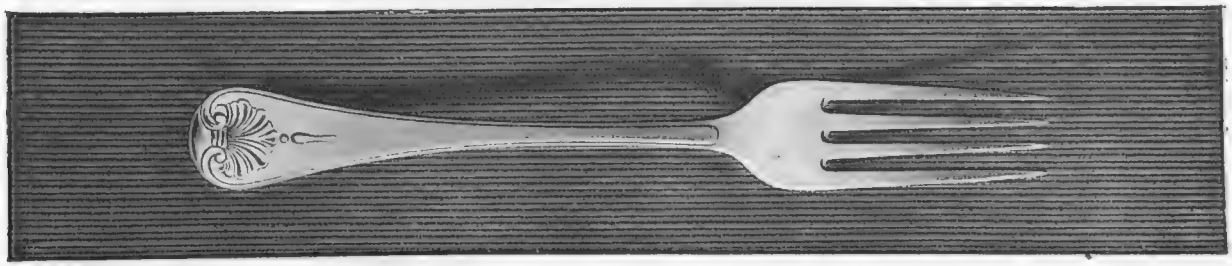
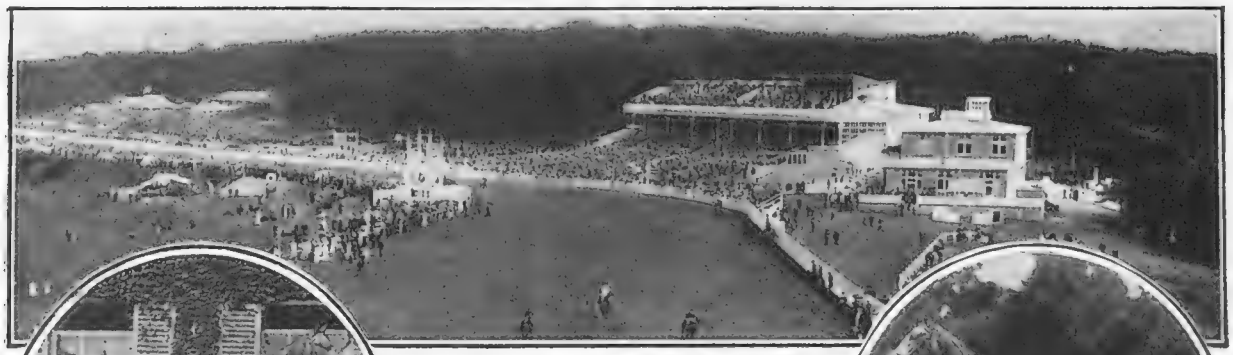


Goodwood Attractions



THE STANDS AT GOODWOOD VIEWED FROM TRUNDLE HILL

Mr. J. BUCHANAN'S "SARCHEDON"

SELECTIONS FOR THE WEEK'S RACING

By "CARBINE"

Mr. W. RAPHAEL'S "POLTAVA"

Charms of the Meeting

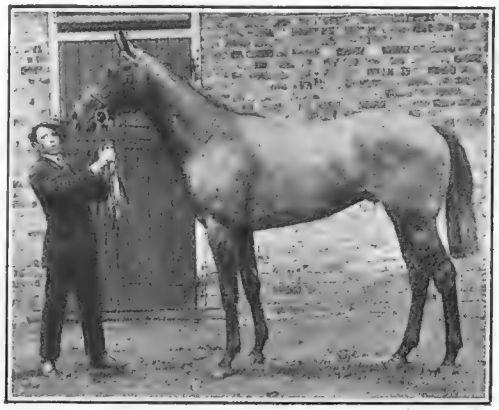
Goodwood is always one of the most delightful meetings of the season. Socially, it is the last big gathering prior to the dispersal to the grouse moors, the meets of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, the yachting regattas, and other pursuits which follow the break-up of the London season. Goodwood is a relief in that it is free from the stiff and starch conventions of Ascot. It is in a sense a picnic meeting, and the merry house-parties throughout Sussex which are held during the week add greatly to the gaiety of the fixture. From the racing standpoint the programme gives us little cause for complaint. The Stewards' Cup, on the opening day, is likely to be as exciting as ever. It maintains its place as one of the most popular handicaps of the year. Those picturesque long-distance races, the Plate and the Cup, will be contested by good horses, and the two-year-old events bid fair to be specially interesting this season.

Some Selections

On Wednesday the Goodwood Plate, run over two miles and three furlongs, is a fine test of stamina. Among those who are certain to stay the course Ivanhoe and Silvester make most appeal to me. It looks like being a very open race, and I do not put great faith in **Silvester**, who showed us at Newmarket that he is inclined to swerve under the whip, but his chances on that form are undeniable, and his success would do something to console Mr. Garland for the extreme bad luck which came his way at Newmarket. The Drayton Handicap on the following day will be another interesting race. It may be won by **Danegelt**. Writing nearly a week in advance, the Goodwood Cup is rather a difficult race to deal with. The Manton stable may win it with **Air Raid** or **Queen's Square**. On the concluding day **Lady Baba** ought to win the Nassau Stakes, but you will take the hint if any of the other Manton fillies are started in preference to her. I fancy **Cygnus** for the Gordon Stakes, while **Tetratema** may beat Orpheus in the Molecourt Stakes.

Mrs. H. WHITWORTH'S "HE GOES"

Mr. H. CUNLIFFE-OWEN'S "ORPHEUS"



Photographs *Rouch, Sports and General*

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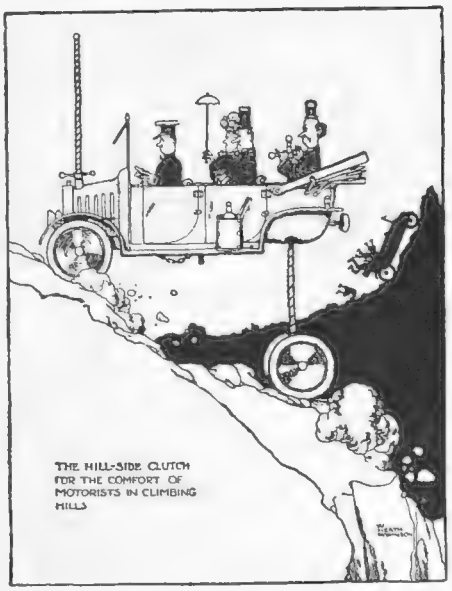

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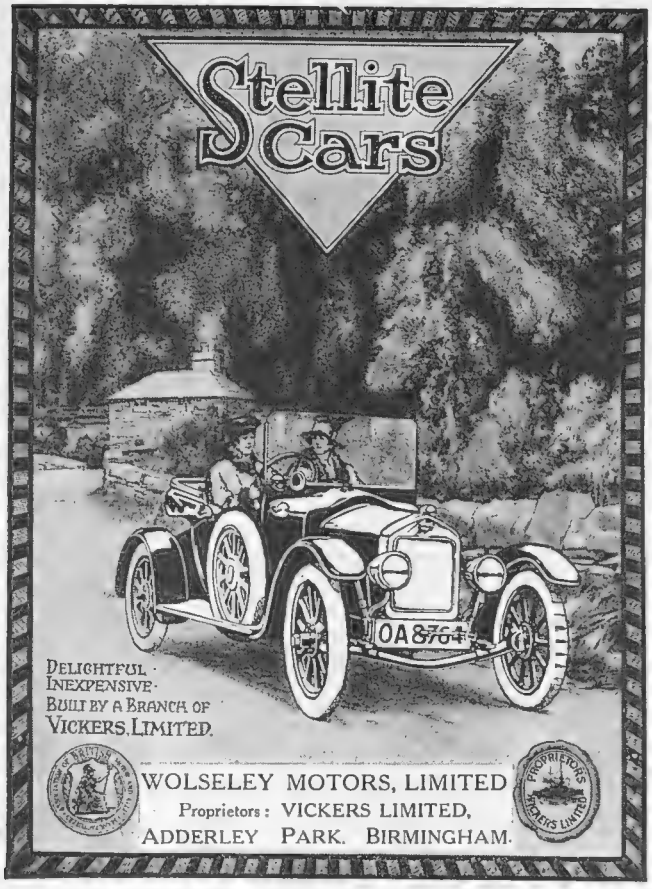

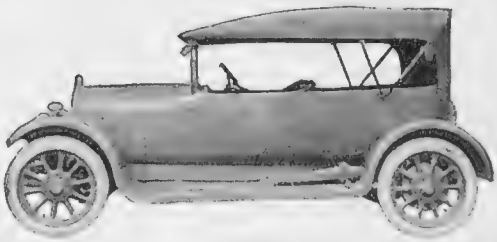

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SOME HILL! A DIFFICULT CORNER IN PERTHSHIRE

This photograph was taken during the six days' trials recently held by the Edinburgh Motor Club in the hilly Perthshire country

MOTORING & AVIATION

As far as I can see the Minister of Ways and Communications when he officially gets his post is going to have no end of a troublesome time. For the moment any question that is somewhat of a poser asked in either House receives the answer that this subject will be dealt with by this self-same gentleman. So far the Minister delegated has managed to evade such queries, but the time is now close at hand when deeds will have to be performed and executive work take the place of the answer that turneth away wrath. Lord Russell recently raised the question of the legality of the existing headlight restrictions which are in force through Dora. He got very little out of his query except the information that this would be dealt with by the new department. The R.A.C. years ago tried to evolve the headlight that really did its work on the road and yet did not dazzle the other users. Precious little improvement resulted from that effort, and I don't suppose much will be done by the new Ministry, except by making such restrictions that it will be jolly dangerous to drive by night for want of light. We all know that ambulances and certain other official cars during the war were exempted from the order. Why? Because it was not absolutely safe to drive with the dim lights permitted under the restrictions. Please, Mr. Minister, what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander now war is over, so I refer the matter to you "for necessary action."

***

THERE is also another little job that requires prompt action, and that is a new Motor-Car Act. In France a Commission appointed by the Government nine years ago has now reported on this subject as the war interrupted its work. It recommends that all vehicles should keep to the left (English fashion) and overtake on the right; that there should be no speed-limit for touring-cars and motor-cycles; that every vehicle on the road should carry a red lamp or red reflector at the rear; that two lamps should be carried in front by cars and one by motor-cycles; that warning signals of approach should be a deep-noted horn for cars, sharp-noted horn for motor-cyclists, and a bell for cyclists; that car-drivers should be eighteen years old before they are qualified to have driving licenses and motor-cyclists should be at least sixteen years old. I might add that, taking the above as reasonable regulations for the new Act, there should be also clauses to abolish endorsement in driving licenses which are three or more years old. At the present time these endorsements are for ever under the existing Act, and it is ridiculous to prejudice motorists with any court that they may have to appear at, for offences that were nine times out of ten purely technical, that happened many years ago, when circumstances were different and magistrates strongly biassed against all power road-transport drivers. It only leads to evasions of regulations in applying for driving licenses by the unscrupulous, and places the honest drivers at a great disadvantage. If a driver of a horsed vehicle is prosecuted for driving to the danger of the public, he is punished by fine or whatever penalties the law allows, and there is the end of it. Not so the driver of a motor vehicle, as he is equally punished when prosecuted for the same offence but has to have this recorded on his license for evermore. Motorists are a patient crowd, but it is about time these anomalies should be abolished.

AN OVERLOADED ROLLS-ROYCE

Which had to carry (and succeeded) thirty-seven passengers on the occasion of the return to London of Mr. H. G. Hawker and Commander Grieve

***

CHEAP fuel for motor vehicles seems further off than ever if the coal mines are going to be run by Government officials permanently, as benzole is quite dear now, so goodness only knows what its price would be from

MOTORING AND AVIATION (concluded)

the gas works when nationalisation comes to a head. How the petrol companies must be laughing up their sleeves at the attempts of motorists to wriggle out of the net. Talk about a spider and a fly! It is a puerile web compared with that of the fuel companies. Last week I went to the A.A.'s cinema show of how coal is wasted and how it can be more economically used. It was all very nice, and then I thought of 6s. more per ton and Mr. Smillie and his pals saying they would not promise to be good for six months (nor probably six minutes if you pressed them), and I wished I had shares in the spider's web. That's the worst of writing on these matters, you must not have any fiduciary interest, but cheap fuel seemed to get further and further away into the horizon. This country imported 14,915,843 gallons of petrol in June, and during the past six months 113,572,545 gallons, an increase of over eighteen million gallons in the same period last year. Oil looks like going up, too, there is much more trouble about coal, as it is a pound to a penny that oil fuel will take its place in all industries to a far greater extent than ever. Nobody has yet tried to use benzole in aircraft engines, yet according to the comparative tests made by the New Haven Gas Light Company, U.S.A., as to the respective values of benzole and petrol as motor fuel, benzole gave an average increased mileage of 45.71 per cent. over petrol. Perhaps when commercial flying costs have to be more closely considered someone will try benzole in place of petrol, that is to say, if it can be procured at a really lower figure than the original fuel.

A VAUXHALL WITH THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION

This photograph was taken in the "Neutral Zone" *i.e.*, the 10 km. strip of country lying outside the Cologne bridgehead. It was the first Vauxhall to visit this area, and, of course, travelled, before the Peace Treaty was signed, under the white flag, which may be seen on the bonnet

***

THE success of the R34 in crossing the Atlantic twice has brought me all sorts of information from motor firms or firms connected with this industry of their share in its success. Miralite, an aluminium alloy, formed the pistons and pump fittings of the Sunbeam-Coatalen engines, which were fitted with Lucas electric engine starters, Claudel-Hobson carburetters, fed by Pratt's motor spirit, Castrol oil from Wakefields, cooled by Marston radiators, with Brolt electric equipment, but nobody told me where the cat came from or who supplied my old friend Maitland with his toothbrush. Still, I noticed Humbers managed to find Alcock a 10 h.p. car "for his flight," so someone may send me a scooter for mine across the Solent next time I go down to Bournemouth.

OLD HY.

C.A.V.—The leading British house for everything electrical in connection with motoring.—Fully descriptive booklet, post free, C. A. VANDERVELL and Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, W. 3.

CAPT. SIR JOHN ALCOCK on his flight across the Atlantic used CLAUDEL-HOBSON CARBURETTERS on his Rolls-Royce engines.—H. M. HOBSON, LTD., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W. 1.

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Sole Proprietor H. Dennis Bradley
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.

"Love's Revolt"

THEY SMELL NOT SWEET

By
H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

"WHAT'S in a name?"

The Bard of Avon perpetuated this false platitude, and qualified it by a fair one.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

To the ordinary man a woman is a woman and a rose is a rose, a beautiful blameless thing, with no blight in its heart.

There are many definitions of man. The bureaucrats have but two: "Man is a gullible animal" and "Man is a taxable animal."

But the bureaucrats and rulers know that everything is in a name. So they christened their tax "Excess Profits," and chuckled over a bottle of bonded whisky.

To the ordinary man the mere name "excess" connotes all that is vile, all that is immoral, unprincipled, unholy. Visions of double—perhaps even treble—lives, of alcoholic orgies, harems and dope float before his eyes.

But the "excess profit tax" in peace time is drunken finance—Bolshevik finance. It is crippling industry, thwarting development, and blockading production. It is the cause of inflated prices. It is one of the chief causes of unemployment.

It is a Tax on Trade, a Tax on Enterprise, a Tax on Development. And a Tax so high that in addition to the abnormal income tax and the present purchasing value of money it does not pay the business man to develop.

No man of intelligence is going to risk the anxiety, the toil and energy, and the capital on a proposition so unsolid. It is neither logical nor human.

Unemployment will continue until this tax is removed.

* * * *

These notes are not written in a spirit of avarice. I can just manage to rub along without a Rolls Royce, but it is irritating to be compelled to provide so many for the Bureaucrats.

When thirty-three officials in one Ministry alone are supplied with motor cars at a cost to the public of £129,740 a year, how can the poor Taxpayer expect to do more than afford a Ford.

* * * *

Pope and Bradley continue to supply clothes at sane prices. There is no virtue in this. If the prices were higher, the Bureaucrats would take and squander the difference. Tweed Lounge Suits from £9 9 0. Dinner Suits from £12 12 0. Overcoats from £10 10 0.

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next to Somerset House close to the Temple and Law Courts and within easy distance of the City

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WILL MAKE THE BEST OF A GOOD HEAD OF HAIR

and wonderfully IMPROVE A BAD ONE. Give it a trial and you won't regret it. Sold in a Golden Colour for Fair or Grey Hair. Bottles 3/6, 7/-, 10/6, of Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and ROWLANDS, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

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You save money in the first place and can re-sell to us at any time afterwards at 10% less than the price you paid.

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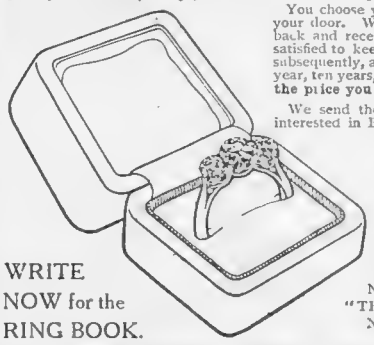

You choose your Ring. We send it insured to your door. Within a fortnight you can send it back and receive your full money. If you are satisfied to keep it, we undertake to re-purchase subsequently, after three months, six months, one year, ten years, **or at any time, at 10% less than the price you have paid.**

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No. 3, GOLDSMITHS' HALL, "THE RING-SHOP for the WORLD," NEWCASTLE-upon-TYNE, ENGLAND.

A New Literary Log Rolled by Ralph Straus

THERE are various types of boys' schools in this country, and most of them have by this time come under the notice of one or other of our enquiring novelists. But is there anywhere to be found a detailed description of life in an English Jesuit College? I know of none beyond Mr. Anthony Brendon's rather uncomfortable book, *The Bonfire* (Heinemann: 7*s*. net). I write uncomfortable as much because the author on his own showing has a "purpose" as on account of the actual matter of his book. Mr. Brendon believes that children should not be frightened—sometimes, as here, actually frightened to death—by tales of the flaming horrors of hell. And so he sets out to show us how the system adopted, for all its good points, may react most unfavourably on a sensitive pupil. (But it is a pity that his Luke Trevor is so abnormal a type of boy, and if he had written other books he would have known that the great thing to do with a "purpose" if you have one, which, of course, you do have if you are a serious novelist, is to bury it very deeply indeed, so that it only just filters out into the minds of your reader at the right psychological moment.)

MR. WALTER TIMMS

The English film actor, who takes a leading part in the new Bertram Phillips production "A Little Child Shall Lead Them." He is also well-known on the concert platform as a pianist and vocalist

I SHOULD say that Mr. Brendon's pictures of the general school life under the "Crows," as the boys call the priests, are singularly unbiassed; and it is almost impossible not to utter a little prayer of thanksgiving that one's own youth was not spent in such terrific surroundings. You get to know Luke and his friend Harry and the other boys very quickly. You have cameo-portraits of the priests, and can almost feel for yourself that atmosphere of "we know much more about you than you think we do," with all those deeper psychological consequences of which the Jesuits, usually such good psychologists, know just nothing at all. There comes that ludicrous *scandalum magnatum* with its pretty ending, and you lay down the book at page 150 and think, "Well, this is really very fine." The events hitherto described may have no particular sequence, but that doesn't matter, for they are all very definitely and very beautifully in the picture.

SUDDENLY, however, Luke Trevor goes home, and then you begin to realise that something is wrong. You become muddled and uneasy. All this family history is necessary, no doubt, to explain the character of young Luke, but here it is all out of place, very heavy, and uncouth. And yet every fact of any significance whatever could have been brought out in the earlier part of the text with a very little knowledge of technique. In that case it might have been possible to say that *The Bonfire* was a great work of art. In its present state it is a badly constructed novel and a poor sort of tract, and yet very decidedly indeed a powerful book which compels your admiration.

PLOT for a Sensational Super-Film in Six Reels (at least!). Young stenographer called Violet in New York left fortune and huge business in Liverpool by titled uncle. Proceeds to Liverpool and inspects business. Decides, on strength of American stenographic experience, to run it herself. Discovers that Chief Chemist is secretly importing extra workmen by night. Finds that a mysterious machine is being constructed in the experiment house. Second Chemist very nice man called Gerald, obviously future husband. Mysterious machine moved in sections by sea at night. Daring proprietress plays detective, and is ultimately trapped by wild Welsh Earl, who, in the fastnesses of Wales, is building monster gun to bombard Liverpool. (He has his reason, of course.) This is the sort of wondrous thing to be read of in Guy Thorne's book, *Harder Than Steel* (Werner Laurie: 6*s*. net), quite nicely written, too. But think of six reels! Probably we shall hear of its "release" soon enough. It certainly deserves one.

WHEN Mr. "Guinea Pig" Smith comes to the village of Muddlemere to take the place of the vicar, who is away enjoying a holiday, he preaches charity, and is such a thorough little gentleman that everybody loves him; but when things begin to disappear you become faintly suspicious. There happens a great dinner-party, and suspicion becomes certainty, for the "Guinea Pig," with no false shame or embarrassment, takes quite a number of valuable articles for himself. He is an engaging ruffian, and there is plenty of fun in his biography, *Guinea Pig Smith* (Arrowsmith: 6*s*. net), by Woodhouse Lane.

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"Yes! and just as good as ever."

A perfectly blended mixture of rare flavour and exquisite aroma. The Royal Smoke for the Royal Game.

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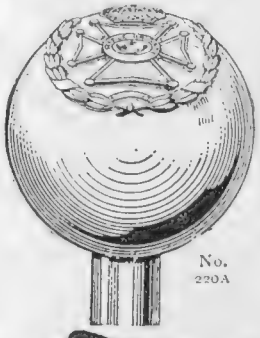

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66

Summit SOFT COLLARS

THIS is the famous Summit Soft Polo Collar for which the demand increases season after season.

It is an easy collar for wear with lounge suit or sports coat, but, though unstarched, possesses the distinctive style peculiar to Summits.

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719

Old Bill, now "demobbed," has met with even greater success in his new rôle of "makin' a paper" than when engaged in "putting it across them there Germans."

The Publishers underestimated the demand for the first number of FRAGMENTS by 300,000 copies. Orders for No. 2 total over 100,000 more than No. 1.

2D. Weekly. Published every Wednesday by the Proprietors of "The Graphic" and "Bystander," TALLIS HOUSE, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C. 4. 2D. Weekly.

FASHION'S FANCIES

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Going Back to School

HARDLY have the holidays commenced before school outfits for next term represent a theme, simple at first but gradually resolving into a tornado of variations, apt to bewilder the steadiest maternal brain. Wherefore, all thanks to Elizabeth for being so early on the scenes with her inimitable new suggestions. There is no one who more thoroughly understands the peculiarities and requirements of growing girls, and she invariably contrives to combine the requisite studied simplicity with a *chic* which is the embryo of our future *vraies élégantes*.

I was immensely struck with some lovely handwoven frieze in a big range of beautiful soft colours, delphinium blue, pastel yellow, biscuit, rose, mauve, etc., that Elizabeth is building into the jolliest little jumper frocks imaginable, cosy warm things, that will be doubly welcome when the coalless winter arrives, another concession to this dreaded period being the dearest little frocks of velveteen for evening and bettermost wear. Other evening frocks of singularly fascinating character are of Georgette, one especially dainty model being in a delicate ivory shade, a yoke movement being dimly suggested by veiled pink ribbon that was permitted to reveal its full radiance in a narrow sash.

For wearing with her beautifully cut and finished navy blue frieze coat and skirts Elizabeth is arranging an endless array of jumpers, hand-knitted, woven, and in wool frieze, in every instance colouring and artistic colour combinations lifting these cherished garments far out of commonplace realms. Furthermore, these irreproachable tailor-mades are completed by *velour* hats, each model invested with a particular charm and *cachet;* and there are, too, lovely woolly scarves to match, only 15*s.* 6*d.*

As for navy serge, a veritable fetish with Elizabeth for the useful knockabout school frock, the models have never been more enchanting. A plain straight little frock with touches of black and white check about it was quite irresistible, as also the example sketched, where a panel waistcoat, collar and cuffs of fawn gabardine afford delightful relief to the fine navy serge scheme. *Salaams* to Elizabeth. Her splendid taste, as always, is reflected in every model shown.

A SCHOOL FROCK OF NAVY SERGE

With a panel vest and collar of fawn gabardine, designed and made by Elizabeth, South Molton Street, W. 1

(SKETCHED BY "NOREEN")

Tailored Frocks and Coats and Skirts

FOR the early autumn months we shall continue to wear the useful all-in-one frock, but it will not be the chemise style, as was pointed out last week. The sides will be assertive, and there will be a waist more or less defined. As trimming, braid is to be used, together with a rough woolly sort of *galon*, a rough-up kind of braid, which is likewise to be had in some silk mixture. Although many of these dresses will come under the heading of tailor-mades, being of the severe, rather neat type,

they are quite within the scope of the *modiste*.

In connection with tailored suits there is a strong predilection for odd stripes and plaids, effected in bright colours on sombre grounds; also self-coloured coats are to be worn with parti-coloured striped skirts. I think they are called Italian stripes, after the sashes and tasselled caps worn by the peasants of that southern country. A smart sand-coloured *velour* coat cut on straight lines, but lightly and narrowly belted to the figure, and a full half-length, was seen accompanying one of these skirts, which included a sand stripe among the others.

Brocades for Teagowns

MANY is the length of these beauteous stuffs that has been acquired at the recent sales for both evening and teagowns. For the former sufficient for a skirt ha: been bought, its ultimate destiny being an alliance with some soft little bodice, and almost certainly some sash tied with prominence at the one side. "Noreen," however, has visioned a teagown, which she tells me she would like to see expressed in one of those lovely reversible Chinese-figured silks, in which the pattern is woven right through. Her picture tells its own story of the fashioning, finishing touches being imparted by collar of heavy gold lace, that is almost a *passementerie*, the same softening the hem of the kimono sleeves, while a barbaric *ceinture* of large imitation emerald beads slung on a gilt chain defines the waist, into which is thrust a deep crimson rose without foliage. For a quiet *intime* dinner at a country house this is surely an ideal suggestion.

A RECEPTION TEAGOWN
Of original design, full details of which are given on this page
(SKETCHED BY "NOREEN")

"La Naturelle"

THERE are certain faddists and sentimentalists who object to any camouflaging of defects and worship Mother Nature to the point of slavishness, a quite justifiable attitude when she has been kindly disposed to her daughters in the matter of complexion, teeth, and hair. Otherwise, artificial assistance, cunningly applied, is not only essential, but obviously

(*Continued on page 350*)

Dr Barnardo's Homes

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Please help them in these times of high food prices.

THE HOMES ARE CARING FOR TOMMY'S BAIRNS

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Lightweights for Ladies and Medium for Gents.
Patterns and Prices on application
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State shade desired and whether for Gent's or Ladies' Wear.

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ORDER "TOINOCO" BRAND
Sold by all Chemists
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MISS JOSÉ COLLINS

THE ÉTOILE OF DALY'S THEATRE
IS ENTHUSIASTIC OVER

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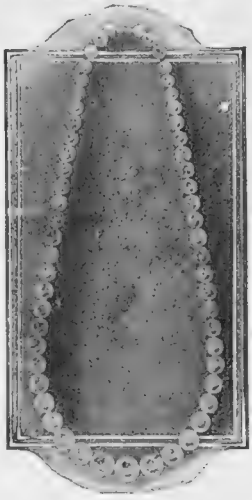

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Price £1 : 1 : 0

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No irksome restrictions with "Antipon." It is a remedy in itself and by itself, and requires no help from violent exercises, sweating, purging, or other harmful and exhausting processes. You can eat what you like and as much as you like. It acts as a powerful tonic and strengthener, building up health and vitality, restoring energy and nerve power. Within twenty-four hours of the the first dose there is a reduction varying according to individual conditions of between 8 oz. and 3lb.

GO TO YOUR CHEMIST TO-DAY

and start with Antipon at once. The price is only 3s. or 5s. per bottle. You can obtain Antipon at Boots', Taylor's, Timothy White & Co., and all high-class Chemists and Stores the world over, or in the event of difficulty it may be had in plain wrapper, post free, direct from the Antipon Co., Desk 37, 27, Store Street, London, W.C 1.

3/- & 5/- PER BOTTLE.

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FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

right, and even the most cavilling spirit can find positively *no* fault with M. George's marvellous transformation, so faithfully entitled "La Naturelle."

That this is a positive triumph of the *postiche* art no one can, or cares, to deny. "La Naturelle" is perfect in every way, and M. George has every right to be proud of his clever ingenious invention, which can be seen in all its glory at 40, Buckingham Palace Road. Failing the pleasure and enlightening experience of a personal visit of inspection, it will be of interest to learn that a profusely illustrated catalogue *de luxe* can be had on application and a mention of THE BYSTANDER.

A "MAISON GEORGES" COIFFEUR
As described by Mrs. Jack May on this page

"Oneforall Purse"

In this age of constant demand for something new it is a matter of considerable surprise that the old-fashioned purse has had such an unusually long run. Necessity, however, is the mother of invention, and with the coming of Treasury Notes the need for a new purse to accommodate these was created. It was to meet this need that Messrs. Jarrolds produced their new "Oneforall" purse. It is the latest and best combined purse for Treasury Notes and cash which has been put on the market. It is both compact and secure, and equally indispensable for ladies and gentlemen. The purse is made in various qualities, and thus it is within reach of all classes. Imitation leather (black or red) 3*s.* each; black leather, 5*s.*; calf, Morocco and velvet suede, 7*s.* 6*d.*, and 12*s.* 6*d.* assorted colours.

The March of Progress

The court gossips who had influence in the reign of Queen Anne, found many opportunities for tongue-wagging when Alexander Gibbs, a man of ancient Scottish family, came from Dundee to London in 1712, with a recipe for soap in his pocket. The new invention was under suspicion among these people who had not yet approved of the maxim that "cleanliness is next to godliness." As a toilet necessity soap was not seriously considered. To-day, the House of Gibbs, still controlled by the direct descendants of the original founder, live up to the guarantee of goodness and purity which converted the gossips of 1712. The unquestioned right to the title, "Soapmakers to Royalty and the British People," has been won by their ability to anticipate progress while maintaining supreme quality.

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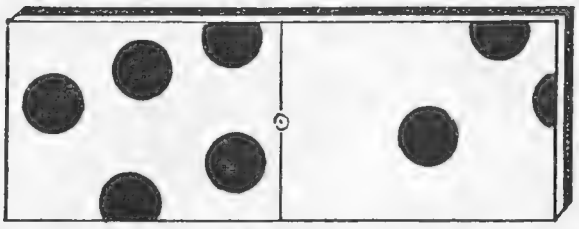

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with anyone who sleeps badly at night, wakes in the morning feeling tired and aching, goes about the day's routine suffering pain and stiffness in every limb, has no relish for food and is unable to digest properly. In the large majority of cases excess of Uric Acid is at the root of the trouble.

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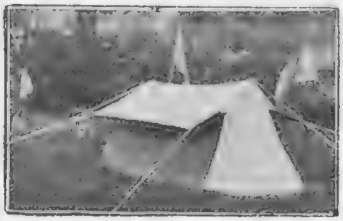
for two or three persons at home or abroad.



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Note extension back and double roof, also overlap to carry rain from tent base.

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THE MENU

A SIMPLE DINNER

Green Pea Soup

Put a pint of shelled peas into a pan with three pints of cold water, add the pods and boil until the liquor is reduced to a pint and a half. Take out the pods, and rub the peas through a sieve. Add the puree to the liquor, adding 1 oz. of butter and a little white pepper and salt. Boil up, and add a pint of milk. Let the soup boil up again, and if not thick enough, stir in a little cornflour or ground rice. Serve with fried dice of bread.

Crab Salad

Pick all the meat from the shell of one or two crabs, and shred it finely. Wash and dry a lettuce and a bunch of watercress. Put into a salad bowl two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, salt and pepper to taste, and lastly a dessertspoonful of tarragon vinegar. Into this, stir the salad, which has been dried, and lastly the crab meat, mixing it in thoroughly. Place in a glass or silver dish and garnish with hard-boiled egg and cucumber. Put the salad in a cool place till served.

A Grilled Shoulder of Lamb

Half roast a small shoulder of lamb, put it in a hot dish and score it on both sides down to the bone, season it well with salt and pepper or cayenne, rub in a little butter, and finish cooking it under the griller of the gas or upon a gridiron over a brisk fire. Have ready a cupful of minced mushrooms which have been fried, and strew them over the broiled lamb when it is ready to be served, and garnish with the remainder. A ¼ lb. of mushrooms would be sufficient. French beans and new potatoes should be served with this dish.

Coffee Junket

Heat one and a half pints of milk to blood heat, add one tablespoonful of very strong coffee (dissolve the rennet as directed with the bottle) add this to the milk, place in a glass bowl, and allow to set. Whip a quarter of a pint of cream, and pile this, flavoured with vanilla and slightly sweetened, over the junket.

Cheese Trifles

Put some thin puff paste into patty-pans, mix 1 oz. of grated cheese, the yolk of an egg, a little salt and cayenne pepper, and a dessertspoonful of cream or milk. Whisk the white of an egg to a stiff froth, and stir it in lightly. Put this mixture in the patty-pans and bake in a quick oven.

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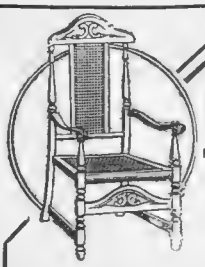

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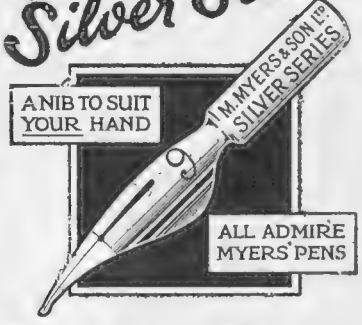

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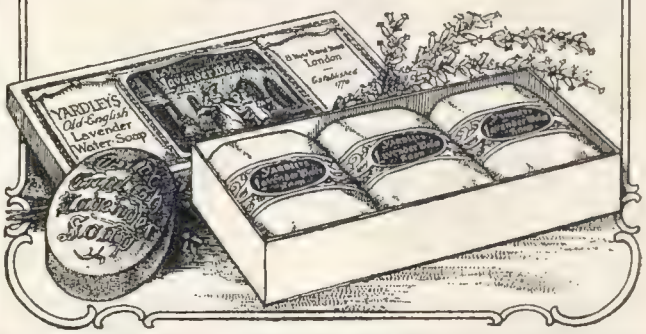

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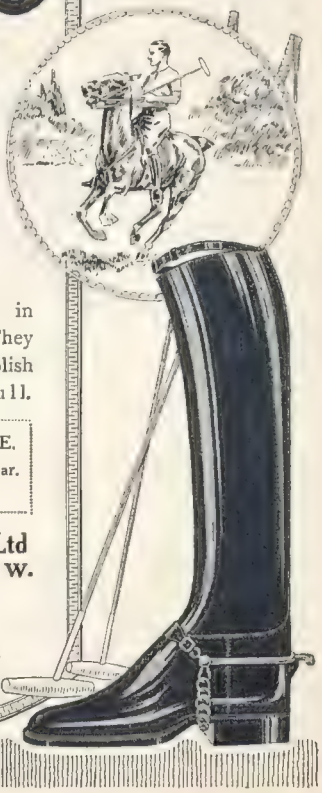

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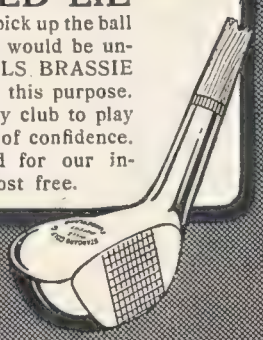

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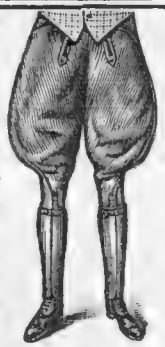

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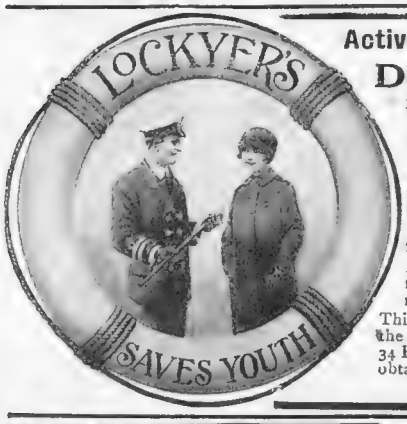

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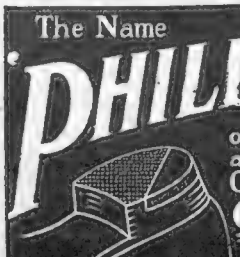

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THE IDEAL HAT FOR LATE SUMMER AND AUTUMN WEAR OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM US.

SPECIAL PRICE **42/-**

BY POST 1/- EXTRA

IN PUTTY, GREY, BUFF, FAWN, AMETHYST, SAXE, COPPER, CHERRY, NIGGER PETUNIA, JADE, NAVY OR BLACK, TRIMMED HEAVY CORDED RIBBON TO MATCH.

Oxford St., London, W.

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SPENSERS' "SILVERLITE."

The only machine working on **Motor Petrol without Waste.**

A machine so simple that it can be attended to by a maid.

A silent burner more brilliant than electric light, and at a fraction of the cost.

Gives a constant supply of pure gas most suitable for lighting, heating and cooking purposes.

An automatic generator stopping and starting entirely with the demand for gas.

Thousands of more than satisfied customers in all parts of the world.

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SOLES AND HEELS

¶ THIN Rubber Plates, with Raised Studs, to be attached on top of ordinary soles and heels, giving complete protection from wear.

"They are perfect in every way . . . . "

(Extract from Letter.)

¶ THEY impart smoothness to the tread, lessen fatigue, give grip and prevent slipping. Keep feet dry in wet weather.

Men's 'Stout' ..	5/6	Per Set (Soles and Heels).
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Ladies' ..	3/-	
Men's 'Stout' ..	2/-	Per Pair (Heels separately).
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Fortify your Boots!

FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS

IDEAL FOR GENERAL WEAR
EXCELLENT FOR GOLF ETC.

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NATURAL MINERAL WATER

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Farris is delightfully palatable and is entirely free from iron ; blends admirably with Wine, Spirits, Lime or Lemon Juice.

Write for price list, etc.

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FACIAL DEFECTS

such as double-chin, crowsfeet and all such disfigurements can be rapidly removed and held at bay by Mme. ELIZABETH EVE'S scientific exercises, which abolish the root cause of such conditions.

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Mme. Eve's exercises are simple and efficacious, and occupy only a few minutes daily. Once learnt, they can always be used, with equally good results, throughout your life.

Beautifully Cleaned by Pullars

Pullars' process is perfect in the cleaning of Summer Frocks. No Dress can be too dainty or too delicate to be successfully handled by Pullars' expert workers. Colours are in no way disturbed, and the garments are given a freshness and finish almost like new. Send to any Pullar Branch or Agency. Return postage paid on orders sent direct to—

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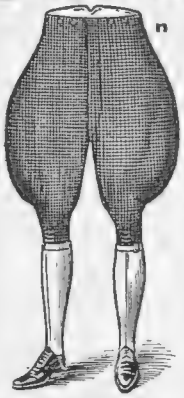

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BEDFORDS, WHIPCORDS, TWEEDS, DRILLS, etc., 25/- TO 70/-

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WOOLLEN BEDFORDS, *from* 50/- TO 70/-

DRILLS, CANTOONS, etc. *from* 25/- TO 70/-

No matter where you are, we can send you Patterns and Self-Measure Form, with all instructions, also Measuring Tape, & Guarantee to fit you perfectly. State if for Military or Civilian wear.

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HOT WATER Instantly NIGHT or DAY

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writes: "I have personally been using a set for about a year, and I quickly noticed the improvement in the comfort of the car. From time to time I have replenished the grease by means of a force pump, but have never taken the trouble to remove a gaiter so as to inspect the condition of affairs. I feel convinced that, as in the case above mentioned, the grease has freely penetrated between the leaves. I should think there is no accessory on the market which gives greater value than these grease-retaining gaiters."

Of all Garages and Motor Dealers.

Price from 10/6 each.

SPRING GAITERS

Write for a copy of the "Duco" Booklet. Sent post free on request

BROWN BROTHER & LTD.,
20-34, GREAT EASTERN STREET, LONDON, E.C. 2.
Showrooms: 15, Newman Street, W.1.
And at Manchester, Dublin, Paris and Melbourne.

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THE "GRAPHIC" SERIES.

Hundreds of Subjects.

THE "BYSTANDER" (BAIRNSFATHER) SERIES.

19 Different Subjects.

All are Post Free in the United Kingdom.

Special Terms to Members of H.M. Naval and Military Forces, Hospitals, etc.

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ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
FIDELITY GUARANTEES.
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FIRE AND BURGLARY.
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PUBLIC LIABILITY.
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EXCESS BAD DEBT & CREDIT.
EXECUTORSHIPS & TRUSTEESHIPS.

Assets £5,000,000
Claims paid £17,500,000

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POULTON & NOEL'S

ENGLISH

POTTED MEATS
FISH PASTES, SOUPS

In Tins and Glasses.

Excellent for Picnics

P. & N.'s Meat and Fish Pastes make Ideal Sandwiches.

Put it on the margarine and enjoy it.

Of all Grocers and Stores.

Make sure you get POULTON & NOEL'S

A BEAUTY GIFT FOR YOUR HAIR

"Harlene Hair-Drill" Ensures Real Hair Health and Beauty

1,000,000 "HAIR-DRILL" OUTFITS FREE

No woman in the world possesses as her natural birthright such exquisitely fine hair as the British woman. With proper care it becomes, indeed, the very crown of her charm and beauty. Under the treatment of "Harlene Hair-Drill" everyone can possess this crowning beauty, and can assure herself of the truth of this declaration by self-demonstration free of expense. A Free Trial Outfit is now ready for your acceptance.

No longer, therefore, is there any necessity or excuse for anyone not to prove by personal experience how "Harlene Hair Drill" causes the hair to grow in health and beauty.

IF YOU VALUE YOUR HAIR—WRITE NOW.

If by the expenditure of a little time—just about two minutes daily—it is possible to acquire real hair health and beauty, surely it is folly to refuse or even to hesitate a single moment in taking the first step to secure it.

TRY "HARLENE" FREE.

Two minutes a day "Harlene Hair-Drill" will quickly restore your hair to its best. If you are troubled with scurf or dryness, over-greasiness of the scalp, thin or brittle hair, splitting or falling hair, you should obtain at once a Free Trial Outfit. All you have to do is to cut out and post the Free "Gift Outfit" Coupon below, which is published for your convenience.

This is really a Four-in-One-Gift, for it includes—

1. **A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and natural tonic for the hair.**
2. **A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp-cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."**
3. **A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."**
4. **A copy of the new edition of the secret "Hair-Drill" Manual of Instruction.**

It is wonderful what only 2 minutes a day practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill" will achieve in the cultivation and preservation of a glorious head of hair. Try it free for one week. Accept one of the 1,000,000 free 4 in-1 Gift Outfits. *(See Coupon below.)*

Do not delay in sending for this Hair-Health and Beauty Gift; the demand will be great, and early application is desirable.

HARLENE "HAIR-DRILL" MAKES YOU LOOK YEARS YOUNGER.

It is only to be expected that this unique Gift will be gratefully accepted and appreciated by the million and more women workers. They will find that "Harlene Hair Drill" cultivates and preserves the hair against all unhealthy conditions; that it makes the poorest hair thick, luxuriant and glossy; that it overcomes all hair troubles, **and makes a woman or girl look years younger and doubly attractive** by improving both the quantity and quality of her hair.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle, "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 1½d. per box of seven (single packets 2d. each), from all chemists and Stores, or direct from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

The Complete Outfit.

"HARLENE" GIFT COUPON.

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd.,
20, 22, 24, & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C. 1.

"Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

Bystander, 30/7/19.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. Mark envelope "Sample Dept."

A "Cross" Travelling Bag

Specially Useful for Week-Ends

INITIALS branded on bag, **6d.** *per letter.*

This "Cross" Bag is ideally convenient when travelling, whether for short periods or for long. Its weight is the lightest possible without interfering with its strength and durability, so that it is admirably adapted to week-end visiting. When not in use and quite empty the bag folds perfectly flat and small as shown.

ESTABLISHED 1845 CROSS LONDON

Made in finest quality Hide, lined smart check linen. Fitted strong lock.

Size, 20 x 10 x 14 in. When closed, 20 x 8 x 2 in.
Approx. Weight, 3¼ lbs Price, **115/-**

Larger size, 22 in. Approx. Weight, 4¼ lbs. **125/-**
Made in finest quality canvas, **72/6.** Larger size, 22 in., **77/6**

This shows the bag folded up flat. Observe how neat and compact it is—easy to put away in a corner. Note the snap and strap for holding it in fold. Also instead of clips end-straps are now fitted.

Mark Cross Ltd 89 Regent St London W 1

IDRIS
MINERAL WATERS.

Behind the label on an IDRIS bottle is a firm reputation for dependable quality, and sterling purity. You can always rely upon the contents.

Can be obtained of Grocers, Chemists and Wine Merchants.

Order Dry Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Soda Water, Sparkling Phosphade, Lemon Squash or Lime Juice Cordial, but always insist on **IDRIS.**

Ess Viotto
FOR THE HANDS

A few drops rubbed well into the hands after washing make them beautiful.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores 1/10½, 3/9, and 5/- per bottle.

Wholesale:
H. BRONNLEY & CO., Ltd.,
LONDON, W.3.

NEW INEXPENSIVE BLOUSES

THESE Blouses have been designed to meet the demand for new and inexpensive garments, which at the same time foreshadow the mode for Autumn both in line and fabric. They are made in our own workrooms from exclusive materials, unsurpassed for quality,

New Blouse (as sketch), in dainty floral ninon roll collar, forming soft knot tie in front, finished button hole stitching, entirely hand made and hand veined ¾ sleeve with turn back cuff.

PRICE 21/9

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

We have always in stock a large assortment of smart and dainty garments for little boys and girls.

SMART AFTERNOON FROCK, in good quality Black Charmeuse, trimmed with rolled collar and cuffs of White Crêpe de Chine. Bodice and sleeves finished small buttons.

Size for 2 to 3 years, price 79/6
" 4 " " 84/-
" 5 " " 89/6

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(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W.

CAMERAS & BINOCULARS
Best Makes at Keenest Prices.

NEW KODAKS.
Enormous stocks of latest model Kodaks with fine anastigmat lenses unobtainable elsewhere. Also second-hand cameras of all leading makes. Films, Plates, Papers, etc., Printing and Developing.

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We offer a wide selection of splendid Prism glasses. Full range of all makes.

"ZODELLA."
The "Zodella" 8 magnification Prismatic Binoculars with central focussing. Complete with Case.
Price £11 : 10 : 0.

Anything on approval. Cameras, Lenses, etc., taken in part payment for new goods.

from the House that has the largest stock and gives the greatest value.

All holiday resorts report a great shortage of Cameras and Materials. So don't trust to getting them on your holidays but get them from us now.

Send for New Monthly Catalogue.

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INCORPORATING WATSONS CAMERA HOUSE

Head Office: 19, Change Alley, SHEFFIELD. Mail Orders.
119, New Bond St., LONDON, W.1. *Tel. Mayfair 4422.*

Samples of Bed sent post *Linen described Free.*

IRISH Bed Linen

Made on our own looms in Banbridge, County Down, will stand long and hard wear without losing its whiteness. It is offered at makers' prices.

An example:
No. L.R. 21. Hemstitched Linen Sheets, 2 by 3 yd. 96/3; 2 by 3½ yd. 111/2; 2½ by 3 yd. 121/2 per pair. Hemstitched Pillow Cases, 20 by 30 ins., 14/9; 22 by 32 ins., 18/- each.

Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd.
44T, Donegall Place,
BELFAST.

The "Goddard" PATENT HAMMOCK DE LUXE

"IT STANDS ALONE"

Made from the choicest select materials, and in most artistic up-to-date colours.

The Stand is constructed from strong steel tubing—aluminium coated to prevent rust—and is so designed that it is impossible to tip over.

Can be erected or packed in one minute. Weight only 23 lbs.

Price £5 5 0 Carrying Bag, extra, 6/6

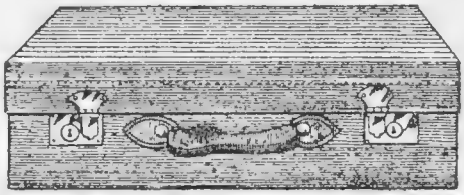
To be obtained from all the Principal Stores or direct from actual makers:

The "Goddard" Patent Hammock Bed Co.,
DEPT. 4, 30, COLEMAN STREET, LONDON, E.C. 2.

GAMAGES

Items of interest to you, because they help to reduce holiday expenses.

HIDE SUIT CASES.



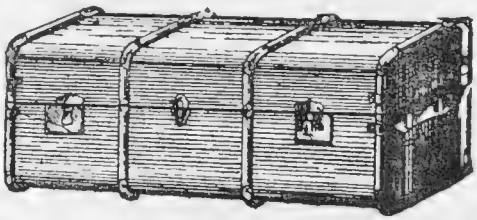
Made of brown hide on steel frame, with two brass slide nozzle locks, drop back lid, lined linen, good strong handle and well finished.

20 in. ... **87/6** 22 in. ... **96/6**
24 in. ... **105/-** 26 in. ... **114/-**

Better quality, brown case hide, drill lining, steel frame and brass locks.

20 in. ... **£5 8 6** 22 in. ... **£5 19 6**
24 in. ... **£6 10 0** 26 in. ... **£7 1 0**

3-PLY WOOD TRUNKS.



Made on specially prepared 3-ply wood, covered brown painted canvas, with wood hoops, good lock and clips, fitted with tray.

27 by 19 by 12 **84/6** 33 by 21 by 12½ **104/6**
30 by 20 by 12 **94/6** 36 by 21 by 13 **118/6**

36 in. has two locks.

"ATHLETA" SUMMER UNDERWEAR.

Free as air in all movements. Light, porous, and strictly economical to buy. For coolness and comfort wear "Athleta."

Coat Vests—Short Sleeves.
Grey Zephyr Nainsook, **3/11** White Silk, **15/11**
White "Silkene," faced Sky, Blue and Helio, **9/11**

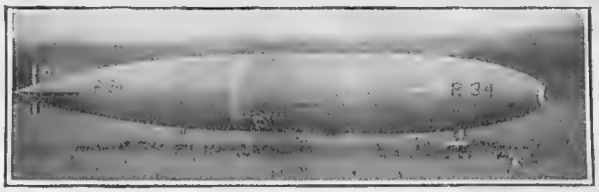
Trunk Drawers.
Grey Zephyr Nainsook, **3/11** White Silk, **12/11**
White "Silkene," faced Sky, Blue and Helio, **9/11**

United Garments—Short Sleeves.
Grey Zephyr Nainsook, **6/11** White Silk, **19/11**
White "Silkene," coloured facings, **14/11**

When ordering state height, also chest and waist measurement.

Many other Holiday Requisites described in our
SUMMER BULLETIN.
Write for post free copy.

HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C. 1



SUNBEAM-COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINES

are fitted to H. M. A. R. 34.

The wonderful achievement of R. 34 in making the double journey across the Atlantic affords ample proof of the efficiency of SUNBEAM-COATALEN Aircraft Engines and Machinery. This was no single flight of a few hours duration, but a voyage of 183 hours. Never before have any aircraft engines been called upon to withstand such a continuous strain.

SOME ACHIEVEMENTS.

Twice crossed the Atlantic, made numerous patrols and trials, journey from end to end of Germany. R. 34 has travelled a distance roughly equal to 15,000 miles or 300 hours actual flying—all on SUNBEAM-COATALEN Aircraft Engines.

SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.,
Contractors to the Admiralty, War Office and Air Ministry,
WOLVERHAMPTON.

THE *Lanchester*
NEW FORTY

The Culmination of many years experience

Write for Descriptive Booklet

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR CO. LTD.
95 NEW BOND ST. LONDON, W.
BIRMINGHAM & MANCHESTER.

CAMOUFLAGE HAS ITS USES, BUT

FIRTH'S STAINLESS STEEL

NEEDS NO PROTECTIVE COVERING

DUELLING, in the "good old days," was considered the only way of settling a dispute with honour. Many such disputes might have been avoided had men had the mellowed outlook induced in these later times by a pipe of "Smith's Glasgow Mixture."

F. & J. SMITH, Glasgow,

Manufacturers of **"ORCHESTRA"**
High-Class Virginian Cigarettes

SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE

MILD MEDIUM FULL

Per 10½d. oz.

Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. S. 313

MAYFLOWA Footwear

FOR RIVER AND YACHTING PARTIES.

Fine Snow-white Antelope Suède Boots. Delightfully cool, charming effect.

We have only a limited quantity of these Boots, and are selling them at this remarkably low price as an advertisement. **39/11**

Worth to-day - - **63/-**

We shall always be pleased to send a single shoe on approbation.

Write for Illustrated Brochure which contains self-measurement forms.

W. ABBOTT & SONS LTD.

58, Regent St., W.1

(Opposite Swan & Edgar's)

239, Brompton Road, S.W. 3.

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TO BE DISPOSED OF REGARDLESS OF ORIGINAL COST.

THE FURNITURE & FINE ART DEPOSITORIES, LTD., have been favoured with instructions to OFFER for IMMEDIATE PRIVATE SALE the ENTIRE CONTENTS of several TOWN AND COUNTRY RESIDENCES, which include **350 COMPLETE BEDROOM SUITES,** in rich satinwood, &c., from **10gns.** up to **400gns.,** large quantity of Old English bow-front and other chests, wardrobes, 4-post bedsteads, &c. English and French Empire bedsteads. AN IMPORTANT LOUIS XV. BEDROOM SUITE of exceptionally fine make and design in French grey lacquer with gilded and carved floral and figure decorations, offered for **550gns.** Cost originally **1,200gns.**

2 FULL-SIZE BILLIARD TABLES and small size ditto with all accessories complete.

120 EXCEPTIONALLY FINE CHESTERFIELD SETTEES AND EASY CHAIRS, with loose down cushions, covered morocco leather, choice silks, &c.

SHORT GRAND PIANOFORTE BY "BLUTHNER" AND ANOTHER by "Ibach," also a magnificent Upright Grand by "John Brinsmead," **45gns.** All equal to new.

DRAWING-ROOMS in STYLE OF LOUIS XVI. and XV., include some choice specimens of carved and gilt, also waxed walnut cabinets, tables, also some very choice specimens in "Vernis Martin," Boule, and English and Dutch marquetry, and a collection of Chinese and English black and gold and coloured lacquer furniture, including a VERY RARE OLD CHINESE LACQUERED TRUNK in fine preservation.

ENORMOUS COLLECTION OF DINING ROOM FURNITURE in styles of Chippendale, Sheraton, Adams, also Gothic, Elizabethan, and Jacobean, including a magnificent set of 6 and 2 Charles II. period crown and cherub oak carved chairs, 2 refectory tables, dressers, court cupboards, &c.

CARPETS of every description, Persian, Turkey, Indian, exceptionally fine quality Wilton and Axminster equal to new, from **5s. 6d** per yard, tapestry panels of forestry, and hunting scenes, &c., linen, silver, plate, bronzes, pictures, china, and old cut glass, electroliers, and other objects of art too numerous to mention here.

A LIMITED NUMBER OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES ARE NOW READY (SENT POST FREE), and should be applied for at once to save disappointment. Any item selected at once can remain stored free for 12 months. Goods delivered anywhere: town, country, or abroad. Cab fares, also railway fares, allowed to all customers. Business hours every day 9 till 7. 'Phone 3,472 North. The following number motor-buses pass Park Street, Islington: No. 4, No. 19, No. 43, No. 73.

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(By Royal Appointment to the King of Spain)

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UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON, LONDON. N. 1.

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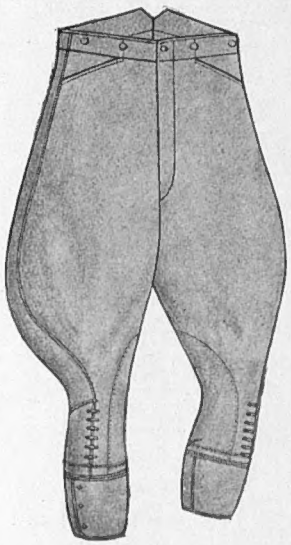
NAVAL, MILITARY AND

CIVILIAN TAILORING.

AN exceptionally fine range of High Class **Summer Suitings** now in stock. The newest colourings and choicest designs for gentlemen of elegant taste. Our prices are reasonable. The "tone" and the finish to all our work is unsurpassed.



EVENING DRESS A SPECIAL FEATURE.

RIDING BREECHES.

Write for our *self-measurement form.* Details fully and simply explained therein. An inch tape supplied

Orders from **Officers Overseas** immediately executed.

These Riding Breeches are cut and tailored by experts. At all times they remain an exhibition of masterly workmanship.

A PERFECT GARMENT for RIDING or WALKING

Messrs. Wilkinsons beg to notify that special attention is at all times given to the tailoring of MILITARY

BLUE UNDRESS UNIFORMS.

Officers are invited to solicit our expert opinion and consideration in all these matters.

FULL RANGE OF PRICES AND PATTERNS ON APPLICATION.

THE WILKINSON SWORD CO., LTD.

53, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W. 1.

T. H. RANDOLPH, *Managing Director.*

Established 1772. 'Phone: Regent 3918

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THE BRITISH APERIENT WATER

1s. 6d. PER BOTTLE

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SCHWEPPES

LTD

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

Southport July 5 1919.

After having used one of your French Coats since 1915, with the greatest comfort & Satisfaction in France & this Country, a Gentleman has relieved me of it a fortnight ago!

The reliability of the "Aquascutum" Coat in all weathers is traditional. Most people recognise a good thing; the "gentleman" above referred to certainly made no mistake when he "decided" on an

"Aquascutum" Regd

THE WEATHERPROOF THAT SHEDS MORE RAIN

Every genuine "Aquascutum" bears our label. See it is in your coat.

Aquascutum "Field" Coat, Rainproof, Windproof, Chillproof. In shades of heather, green, fawn, etc., for Field or Moor.

Aquascutum "Lockerbie" Coat.
A stylish top coat for Town and Country wear. In all-wool "Aquascutum" cloths, etc.

Please call or write for Patterns and Catalogue.

Agents in all principal towns—names on request.

An unequalled selection of Sporting, Motoring and Travelling Coats always in Stock ready for immediate wear.

AQUASCUTUM Ltd.
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The Big Cigarette with the choice flavour

Round, not Oval.

The "GREYS"

The Big CIGARETTE with the choice Flavour

SILK CUT VIRGINIA

WITH "GREYS" you get the real Virginia tobacco flavour—because the good Virginia *is there* in quantity. "GREYS" are big cigarettes—popular, because they are good.

20 for **1/4** **50** for **3/2** **100** for **6/4**

Of all High-Class Tobacconists and Stores.

Manufactured by
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